

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CLOAK THROWN ROUND

THE one ferment to have grown active in contemporary American education is the social conscience. Toward the close of the last century, observant men and women, many of whom had been trained in foreign schools, became aware of social disorders rampant in their country. They set to work, therefore, trying to use education as an instrument for awakening the sense of civic responsibility and for instructing all in the arts of good government. From the primary grades to the senior year in college, the comparatively unfamiliar matter of political, economic and social problems was presented to the young with all the impressiveness available. The numberless mysteries of running cities and nations were explored. Remedies were proposed and discussed, everybody being reminded meanwhile of the "power for good" enshrined in the vote. The imprint remains firm upon many of us, even though the majority were led to pay more attention to "loyalty" and patriotism than to the social conscience as such.

By comparison the championship of the individual conscience, though urged by great institutions and thoughtful groups, did not permeate education. On the one hand, Catholics led the way in stressing the necessity for character training according to fixed moral and religious standards. Their own schools expressed

this program vigorously, but it did not appeal to the world at large. On the other hand a sturdy intellectual movement, sponsored by men who wished to develop creative energy and critical faculty, found the educational system a stone wall. This was partly due to the circumstance that, owing to the emphasis placed upon the schools as "agencies for better citizenship," every class room was overcrowded with those who wanted nothing except citizenship and a job. But there existed also, even among the great bulk of educators, a feeling (amounting in some instances to fanatical conviction) that the free poetic activity of the personality was not worth while. What Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has localized and stigmatized as "uniformity" has really been an omnipresent spiritual complement to that grave concern with "civic matters" so widely advocated a generation ago.

It should have been obvious all the while that "social conscience" is an addition to, not a substitute for, virtuous individual living. There is no more sense in a mere number of people than there is in a mere number of anything else. The gulf between \$1,000,000 written on a scrap of paper and \$1,000,000 written on a cheque for which one's name is a guarantee arises from the simple fact that the dollars in one case are imaginary and in the other case solid specie. What

can a "crowd" mean excepting so and so many individuals? Acquaintance with and interest in civic affairs are obviously very good things, provided one associates them with intelligence and honesty. But they are vain, they are sheer empty verbiage, unless they are animated by charity. And charity is a current that can be generated only in the individual human soul.

Nor is charity to be thought of in pietistic terms, as something existing apart from all humanistic concerns. Nobody is so quick as a theologian to say that grace adds to—develops—nature. And because charity is so essentially the giving of oneself, it is contingent upon having something to give and upon knowing how to give. You can turn even truth into stone with an awkward gesture. Does not the fact that "social conscience" has so frequently degenerated into mere formalistic and mechanical "standards" of group action testify to just this possibility? It follows, therefore, that there exists a crying need for union between the various champions of the individual conscience. Character without the graces is a hill without grass or flowers. Cultivation of the mind in a soil that lacks the richness of character is only an effeminate display of blossoms never ripening into fruit. It is by no means accidental that throughout the Christian centuries humanists have been among the most loyal supporters of religion, while the Church, for its part, has befriended and encouraged the humanists. For both have understood that although the chief considerations of mankind must perennially be social, effort must be based squarely upon the individual, just as business in francs depends upon the value of a franc.

Failure to bear this truth resolutely in mind has already robbed modern education of its hegemony. A dozen agencies are outstripping the schools in mastery of the public mind, sometimes merrily destroying what has been patiently built up. Speaking recently at Union College, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn commented upon one of these agencies—the press—by simply referring to bald facts. He asserted that careful analysis of newspapers indicates a steady decrease of the space devoted to character-building influences. "Literature, music and art filled 21 columns, or 28.3 percent, of space in Franklin's Saturday Evening Post of 1823-24, whereas misconduct and crime filled only twenty columns. . . . Today, in the 4,731,322 daily newspapers circulating in and around New York City, literature, art, music and the stage fill 208 columns, 3.8 percent of the space, as against 291 columns devoted to misconduct and crime." The major concerns of the press are sport, fashions and athletic contests. It may be unfair to conclude, as Dr. Osborn does, that the universities are comparatively without influence, but obviously the statistics, when set over against our vast educational enterprises, are genuinely alarming.

One cannot rush to the conclusion that the proper thing to do is to establish other newspapers, or to develop a new kind of press. The point is rather that we must create different readers, who of themselves will

demand a press that interests them and supplies what they ask for. Here, obviously enough, the means is education. The time has come to demand, on behalf of the individual conscience, a fresh emphasis upon the school as a training ground for the human personality. We need to take it for granted that young people are not to be transformed into good citizens by some form of "social calisthenics," but are to be enabled, through whatever instrumentalities the academic community can place at their disposal, to exemplify as well as they can the definition of a human being. Let us honestly profess that we are tired of being advised to "react," sign petitions and vote. Let us assert with some vehemence our title to the government of ourselves. After all, there is reason for expecting that the cloak which society flings round about us shall not be a spiritually degrading garment we hate to wear.

That is why, in spite of numberless invitations to criticism, one turns so hopefully to the Catholic school. Here, after all, men have continued to teach that the most important business of life is saving the soul. This should not mean, and in the best conditions does not mean, stripping oneself bare in order to complete a desperate swim toward heaven on a plank. It means only this: acceptance, in a spirit of happy obedience, of the Divine invitation to grow to the tallest branch and twig of which personality is capable. It implies the realization of everything that exists embryonically in the essence of life—holiness, wisdom, beauty, charm, creative vigor. To grant less than this to the human being is to deprive him of wealth which has been eternally assigned to him. Every curtailment of the boundaries of education is criminal. Who does not see the woful error of training which forbids youth to absorb the atmosphere of religion? But why should one not see, as well, the mistake of shutting off any of the minor elements through which a man matures?

A new emphasis upon the personality implies, as a matter of course, a new emphasis upon the teacher. He must be more than another name in the librarian's card-index, more by far than a gentleman who has gone into education because he was unable to sell bonds. Let the community seek out the Man: that is, ultimately, the chief function of the social conscience. In one of his letters Thoreau wrote wistfully that the effort involved in providing for so and so many bodies was robbing the world of interest in the soul. How could the raising of "fat pigs" be reconciled with intimations of immortality? Admittedly the gulf between the two is difficult to span, nor can there be any doubt that Thoreau's emphasis was right. What shall we say, then, of the teacher—the guide of human growth—whose mind remains perennially fixed upon the jobs and exercises which youth is to go out and find, and never walks across the hills with human destiny? We believe that the age is coming to see the point. There is manifest a new desire, not only for leadership, but also for escape from the ways of a machine into the memorably beautiful conduct of the soul.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THAT last week's talk regarding Mexico was based upon actual tendencies rather than upon insubstantial rumors is now evident, but the progress of events emphasizes the instability of those tendencies. According to a despatch from Rome to the New York Times, Monsignor Vera, bishop of Puebla, professed to believe that a settlement of the difficulties could not be arrived at while President Calles is in office. He seems to have said, what many other Mexicans familiar with the situation have declared long since, that General Obregon would be much more likely to effect a settlement. The one bright spot on the horizon is the circumstance, obviously not to be questioned, that the Holy See is drawing up a restatement of the Church's claims. One may expect that when the time arrives for making these public, more direct and general interest in the whole problem will follow. Once again, as thought drifts to this scene of turmoil and ruthless injustice, we find it incredible that the persecution of the Church in Mexico should continue so long. The conscience of the nation, it had seemed, would be roused to action. But months and even years have gone by, and the great wrong still remains.

MR. HOOVER has been chosen. There is nothing at all surprising in this fact, apart from the overwhelming defeat administered to those who, for one reason or another, were opposed to the Secretary. He himself emerges as a veteran "politician," which term implies ability to take advantage of decisive moments in the struggle for leadership. It is, of course, true

that his progress was aided by Mr. Coolidge's renunciation of a third term, by his own reputation for integrity at a moment when precisely this virtue is indispensable to his party, and by the fact that, between farm-relief opponents on the one hand and super-big-business foes on the other, no entente cordiale was possible. Even so, the present Republican standard bearer is apparently not merely a "just man," after the fashion of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, but also an able field general. However that may be, The Commonwealth is undisguisedly pleased to see that the party in power has named one in whom there is no guile, whose devotion to civic interests has been so exemplary as to have almost become a byword, whose very mistakes have been indications of intellectual and moral power, and whose fairness of temper incorporates the best tradition of his country.

"PRESIDENTIAL year" had its innings when something amounting to a pessimistic scare settled upon the market following definite news that Mr. Coolidge would not be a candidate. This fog was lifted quickly, however, and almost all observers retain their conviction that the economic situation is prevailingly sound. The development of a "gambling habit" in the realm of investment securities, unfavorable weather conditions, the absence of complete harmony between the federal reserve banks and member institutions—these and a few other factors are corrosive of genuine optimism. On the other hand, generally increased corporation profits testify to a large volume of current business; building enterprise continues at a lively pace; and in the field of commodities lower inventories coincide with firmer prices. It is believed that financial conditions abroad have improved to such an extent that the United States is not likely to remain surfeited with unemployed capital. No one can foresee what effect the coming campaign will have upon the condition vaguely known as "prosperity," but seldom has the act of choosing a chief executive been accomplished under more tranquil conditions. Agricultural demands may influence the decision, but they are not likely to affect the social scenery to any great extent.

TO interpret the constitution in the letter, not in the spirit, is the function of the Supreme Court. It would, therefore, be unfair to denounce those justices who recently held that evidence obtained by wire tapping is admissible in a criminal case arising under the prohibition law, and that a conviction on such evidence is no violation of guarantees against "search and seizure." They considered the question from a purely legal aspect. The framers of the constitution had no provision of wire communication; it is obvious that they did not legislate on the privacy of the telephone when they forbade tampering with the mails. Yet Justice Brandeis scathingly denounced the practice of wire tapping as a resort to a crime to detect a crime. Justices Holmes, Butler and Stone joined him in a dissenting

opinion. We cannot but agree that very grave perils to liberty lie in such insidious encroachments upon the private lives of citizens. Apparently telephone companies are of the same mind, because they have acted decisively and promptly on the belief that wire tapping is an infringement on private property which will provoke prosecution wherever discovered. Doubtless this will do more to protect the American public than any other possible form of disapproval.

IN DEALING with the problem of criminal insanity the report of the National Crime Association takes a stand that is at once timely and excellent. It advocates a pre-trial determination of the accused's mental responsibility, a procedure already followed in several states. Such methods in handling cases, where the insanity plea is now used as a last resort to escape the legal penalties for crime, would militate against the repetition of scandalous miscarriages of justice. Under ideal observatory conditions psychiatrists are often at odds over the true mental state of prisoners. It is patently ridiculous to put into the hands of a jury, necessarily inexpert in the relation of mental abnormality to a criminal behavior problem, the adjudication of sanity. If the defendant comes before the bar with his sanity or insanity determined beforehand, the question of his moral responsibility is immediately relegated to the background. But the Association does not rest on this recommendation. It strikes deeper at the root of the evil by urging permanent segregation for all mental incurables, without regard to the particular offense committed. Added gratification can be found in the statement that "sound psychiatry recognizes no such condition as sudden insanity."

THE Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals, which is the official title of the only church machine among political organizations, feels that it is being harshly treated. An unfair advantage is being taken of it. So one judges from the statement issued by the Board on the religious bearings of the Smith candidacy. The statement, which contains evidence of having been composed by a wounded spirit, says pathetically: "No party has a right to crowd organizations and institutions which are essentially religious or benevolent in character into a position where they must and will stand in opposition to a party candidate." In other words, it is mean of the Democratic party to "crowd" the Board of Temperance and Public Morals into opposing Smith. The Board's language is strong. It is not only mean of the Democratic party to do this; it is downright horrid, and may almost be called ungentlemanly. That party seems obtuse to what should be its main consideration when it comes to select a presidential candidate. Its first care, of course, should always be to select a candidate who shall not "crowd" any "essentially religious or benevolent" organization into becoming a thing so abhorrent to that organization's finer feelings as a political machine.

THAT men are stewards of what they possess is a truth well known, but those who exemplify it are, as yet, none too numerous. Only occasionally does a community produce a citizen identified so whole-heartedly with its charitable and beneficent enterprises as is Mr. James J. Phelan with the good work of Boston. His record in patriotic and civic service is part of the history of practical idealism in New England. As a Catholic he has done splendid things to aid hospitals, social welfare and education. Nor can one forget that his life as a private citizen has been replete with many kinds of charity. It is only natural that all this endeavor should have been rewarded with gratitude and the tribute of honors, not because Mr. Phelan has needed or cared for these things, but because there is virtue in heralding good deeds. Of especial significance is the dinner tendered to him recently by a committee of 100 Bostonians, and attended by more than a thousand people. This "community tribute" is a fine way of expressing the relationship that exists between a social group and a generous individual. We chronicle it here in the hope of sharing, to the best of our ability, in the recognition taken of Mr. Phelan's notable and courteous service to us all.

IT IS not sufficiently observed that the assumptions of contemporary materialism are constantly under fire, even in quarters to which Catholics rarely turn with any great hope. An address recently delivered to a Munich audience by Professor Hans Driesch, the eminent German biologist and philosopher whose many books are appreciated by serious American students, is a case in point. He characterized all materialistic tendencies as being attempts to understand cosmic activity, in whole and in part, as emanating from ultimate divisionary units, or atoms. They should, therefore, properly be termed "mechanistic" cosmogonies. Science itself, Professor Driesch went on to say, is effecting a permanent refutation of them all. Biology has discovered that bisecting a germ-cell results in two cells, each of which is capable of development into a complete organism, whereas splitting a machine into halves simply means destruction. Again, the explorations of purely scientific psychology have led to the accumulation of facts that prove beyond any doubt the non-mechanistic nature of personality. The contemporary idea of memory and language is leagues removed from the older notion of "association." Professor Driesch concluded that, on the basis of knowledge scientifically obtained, a new philosophy is being erected, to which the questions of spiritual immortality and free will are of the deepest importance.

LESS scientific than Professor Driesch, the Reverend Caleb S. Hutton, who is a Unitarian pastor in San Francisco, writes in the manner of a truly fine humanist. His "anniversary sermon," reprinted by the Christian Register, is a splendid discourse which Catholics might read with ever-growing gratitude and approval. "A

new demand from psychology, economics, democracy, anything new and modern," he says, "—religion must be accommodated to that! And the modern prophets—well, to take the phrase of Edmund Spenser, 'in them all reigns mutabilitee.' But simply to prophesy 'mutability,' as so many of our modern prophets do, is to miss entirely the very meaning of real religion; for real religion is supremely conscious of Something that abides." It is not surprising in such a sermon, to find Cardinal Newman being quoted again and again. And one notes particularly the following fine passage: "It is the function of piety to bring us into touch with those eternal spiritual realities which are a great joy and happiness to us, whether the objects of this life be realized or no. For all true religion is based on the assumption that man not only desires the Infinite and is capable of apprehending it, but that he is so made as to be able to find rest and satisfaction in nothing else."

A STUDY of American legal codes forces recognition of the fact that our statute books are cluttered with unenforced and unenforceable laws. In addition, measures which have been necessitated by specific and temporary conditions remain as obstacles to progress. Despite sporadic protests against anachronistic and nonsensical laws, little headway has been made toward their revocation. Legislators, who so readily conceive that their duty is to legislate irrespective of necessity, merit or wisdom, are inclined to overlook the repeal value. Yet occasionally an inane law falls before the axe. A recent example was the action of the Mississippi state legislature which revoked the prohibition on corporations of more than \$1,000,000. Now comes news that the city commission of Amarillo, a Texas Panhandle town, has decided that almost two hundred local laws, no longer useful, if they ever were, are to go. Small as Amarillo may be, her example is striking and illuminating. Larger towns, cities and states, not to mention the national government, would do well to follow, for at least Amarillo, when she lays aside the blue pencil, will know what is the present state of mind of her citizens.

ANYONE who has had experience with employment agencies, which have become a peculiar ramification of a large city's industrial growth, will testify to their general unsatisfactoriness. To most, the terms of the contract into which the position seeker must enter constitute the greatest objection. Hence the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States denying the right of the state to fix prices which an employment agency may charge for its services comes as a decided blow to those who, now or in the future, must rely on this method to obtain work. The opinion of the Court was based on the fact that "an employment agency is essentially a private business," not "affected with a public interest" nor "devoted to the public use," and consequently beyond the legislative power. Nevertheless we agree with the dissenting justices, Stone, Holmes

and Brandeis, that the police power of the states is broad enough to warrant interference where serious evils persist. More fundamental is the economic falsity of a business, instituted for private gain, which exploits the misfortunes of the forcibly idle. Though no general panacea is to be found for unemployment, much can be done through the establishment of bureaus by state or philanthropic organizations which could supplant, on a self-supporting basis, the present placement system.

ILLUSTRIOUS ventures in book-making are among the glories of contemporary American publishing. There are now any number of native "limited editions" and "de luxe" exemplars. One may legitimately be grateful for this growth into dignity, but most of us are probably more impressed by relatively modest but yet notably fine printing. When you can buy as good a book of travel as Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*, in a format adapted to the contents, for \$.80, the moment has come for an act of literary thanksgiving. This is included in a "new series" of *Everyman's Library*—published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York—which combines the established textual excellence of the older volumes in the Library with pleasing and varied exteriors. To go from so veteran an enterprise to something so new as the *Yearbook of the Poetry Society of Marquette University* may seem like traveling far, but we wish to call attention to the care and skill with which this volume has been prepared. It would, perhaps, be unfair to look here for more than signs of poetic promise. But the printing, format and illustrating have been done so well that surely any poet would be happy to enshrine his lyrics in such an environment. The history of typography from the dark mechanical days when the Bohn classics destroyed the eyesight of a generation has been one of constant advance. Humble effort some of the *Yearbook* represents, but it testifies to genuine artistic progress.

FEELING THE DRAFT

AT THE time these lines are being written, the "draft Coolidge" movement shows every sign of having died a death beyond any prospect of resurrection, and one of the strangest interludes in our political history may be considered as closed and not likely to reopen. Nevertheless, "litera scripta manet." A thing that has once gone as record, no matter how great an accumulation of subsequent fact it be buried under, remains for the historian to comment upon, and for the seeker into causes, that troublesome species, to examine and trace back to its inherent and underlying motive. The agitation to secure a third term for the reigning executive by the short cut of a peremptory demand which should present compliance to him as a civic duty, inescapable as the call that turned civilians into soldiers eleven years ago, must have come from somewhere.

Its very unprecedentedness demands some explanation. Within the limits that a page of this review affords let us consider one or two possible sources of origin.

The personal character of our first citizen is not an entirely satisfactory explanation. Dignity, poise, a refusal to be hurried or driven into any legislative action not approved by his own judgment, have marked the nation's executive from the first day of office. But these are not the qualities that arouse enthusiasm among the general run of men, and reconcile them to the setting aside of what has grown to be an unwritten article of the constitution. Neither have any public issues arisen during his term, such as might make men question the wisdom of a change until they were solved, or justify a departure from a tradition which atones for the very great powers conferred on the President of the republic by a short term of office and a fairly frequent shift in the tenancy of the White House.

If satisfaction with the closing administration, carried to a pitch that might make it a fair substitute for enthusiasm, is to be set aside as a cause for the draft campaign, may we turn to something very different indeed—namely, a dissatisfaction in certain very powerful quarters with the constitution as it exists? Here we seem to be on firmer and more promising ground. The men who framed our engine of government were both patriotic and far-sighted. But they were, none the less, men of their time. The America for which they legislated was not the America we know. Its development was largely a matter of speculation. They could not, subject to human limitations of thought as they were, have conceived of an industrialized society whose complexity, whose sensitiveness to anything that could derange its very complicated mechanism, might come to regard the periodical litter and mess, the general ballyhoo and carnival of a presidential election, as a troublesome interlude, a wholly uncalled-for waste of activity, diverted from the main business in hand, which is not politics and is less likely to be politics as time goes on. Were the men who initiated the "draft Coolidge" slogan strongly inclined to a citizen who had proved his fitness? Or were they, for good reasons of their own, averse to change of any kind, and at any time?

A very thoughtful article by President Hadley, in the current number of the *Yale Review*, entitled *Training in Political Intelligence*, takes up this matter of maladjustment between our political system and our social organism, as it were, obliquely. President Hadley is not concerned primarily with party politics, still less does he advance any opinion upon the forthcoming election and the problems it is likely to bring to light. But the general conclusions at which he arrives cannot be separated from current events, in so far as these are symptomatic of a transformation in political thought. And this for a very good reason. The gist of his article is the chance of our present institutions to survive unscathed and unspoiled amid the welter of unforeseen conditions that have descended

upon us, due, more than anything else, to the growth in the development of physical science.

"The unexampled progress of the physical sciences in recent years," says President Hadley, "bids fair to have somewhat the same kind of effect on the world today that the study of Greek philosophy had upon the world of Athens [the Peloponnesian downfall] or the revival of learning upon that of mediaeval Europe [the Reformation]. The new light is making it hard for men to govern their conduct by old lights. Traditions which once proved adequate for the protection of society are now losing their power. Our thinking and the results of our thinking have progressed more rapidly than our social and political experience." And among the dangers threatening that political instinct which alone can preserve democracy, the president of Yale goes on to list the concentration of capital, with accompanying narrowing of opportunity, class thinking, and the theory now "carried to dangerous extremes" that "law is a sovereign command" and has to give no account of its grounds in reason.

It is gratifying to find President Hadley, whose baccalaureate address *The Commonweal* noticed just one year ago as "the most frank in its call for faith, and that the faith of Christ, as the panacea for contemporary ills," still convinced that, even from a human point of view, instinct for liberty and Christian ideology are inseparable things in the world as we know it. "We are so impressed by the failure of avowedly Christian nations to live up to their Master's example," he tells us, "that we are in danger of underrating the effect which that example has had in training people to think for themselves. . . . Not only was the Church in the middle-ages the most democratic institution in Europe, but the ideals of the Church have taught men to exercise that sort of liberty which makes democracy possible."

Mankind, in short, in this and in every other country, retain their free will, and no condition will ever overtake us which is not the result of its assertion or abdication, its conception as a duty or a burden. Overpowered by the mere mechanics of the world about them, they may resign all choice, be content to see "man parceled out in men," put civic duty in the last rank of their pre-occupations, and devote themselves exclusively to vocation or acquisition. Without any outward denial of orthodoxy, they may even select for themselves a religion, "divorced," in the recent words of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester, "from social thought." There are many, and we have sufficiently hinted where they are to be found, who will give them all possible aid and counsel in this highly practical disenfranchisement for efficiency's sake. But the result is certain and not likely to be delayed. On the day that the Christian ideal which, out of a tired and ruined Empire, built up a Europe throbbing with all the possibilities we enjoy today, falls utterly out of men's minds, we shall wake to find our intelligence overridden and our obedience—shall we say "drafted"?

THE HOOVER CONVENTION

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE Hoover convention was in fact the second Coolidge convention, counting 1924 as the first. In both his silent and absent figure dominated everything, informed and inspired everything. Felicitously the New York Evening Post said, when a shift in the convention's sentiment on one point was recorded, "our despatches report that Mr. Coolidge, by one of his strange methods of making himself understood without speaking," had caused it. The truth of the phrase has been observable throughout his Presidency; in the convention it was dramatized.

Ultimately, not soon, it will dawn on the country that a very remarkable man has been President since 1923, and that the peculiar character of his remarkability is solitary in history. The politicians, but more especially those thinkers who call themselves intellectuals or intelligentsia, have been bewildered and exasperated for nearly five years by his unaccountable popularity. They have been puzzled still more by the fact that at the moment when he seems to have been delivered over to the Philistines, the Philistines always have to rush to him and clutch his coat-tails, begging him to save them. The comedy has been played ever since Harding's death. The public does not tire of it. The performance of it at Kansas City broke, not exactly the box-office record, but the artistic record. Never did the star, Silent Cal, seem so at home in the centre of the stage, where he was physically absent; never did the involuntary comedians play the parts forced on them with such hearty and unwilling fidelity to the rôle. These comedians, by the way, are not limited to Kansas City nor to those congressmen who, after flouting the President's recommendations for four years, rushed frantically to him crying, "Help, Cassius, or we sink!" No; high on the list of comedians rank the intellectuals all over the country; and no mean place is to be assigned to Mr. H. L. Mencken and Mr. Frank R. Kent.

The silences of Calvin Coolidge are powerful weapons. By his meaning silences he made impossible the nomination of Lowden or Dawes, brought about the collapse of the farm revolt at Kansas City, and nominated Hoover. The whole program was mapped out by him long before he said, "I do not choose to run." He was determined not to issue a formal refusal, as had been done with unsatisfactory results by Blaine and by Roosevelt. The "draft Coolidge" movement persisted until he made another statement, saying as little as the first except for one word. That word was "integrity." In stopping the movement to boom him in Massachusetts, he said that those who were trying to renominate him were reflecting on his "integrity." If, after that, he had been nominated, he

would have been put, by his own use of words, in the position of doing a dishonorable thing. That one word made the draft-Coolidge movement hopeless. Aside from this one deviation into speech, the silent program cruised on to Kansas City. Once only did it become necessary to break the stillness, when the program seemed endangered. That was when he vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill. The severity of his language caused surprise; he is not usually severe. He chose it because, after that language, Congress must either sustain the veto or cut loose from him at Kansas City, which it could not do.

His main concerns were to have a Coolidge platform and a Coolidge candidate, that is, a candidate in sympathy with his four-year purposes. The only such candidate was Hoover, and his irresistible silences forced that nomination without involving him in the charge brought against Jackson and Roosevelt, that they forced an unacceptable successor on the country. The impalpable weight of his known but unspoken disapproval blighted the booms of Lowden and Dawes, which logically—by politicians' logic, the best in the world on paper and the most foolish in fact—ought to have been potent. How potent they proved to be against the silent man was shown at Kansas City, when the Coolidge legatee got 837 votes on the first ballot, Lowden 66, and Dawes 3.

Curtis played politics in the good old-fashioned way. He expected from the first that he would get the nomination, and logically—again by politicians' logic—he should have. Believing an alliance of lesser candidates could roll up enough votes to "stop Hoover," he foresaw that Lowden and Dawes would fail by their opposition to Coolidge, especially on farm relief. He placed himself in such a position as to get the support of both Coolidge and anti-Coolidge men. His record in the Senate was that of a Coolidge man. He deserted Coolidge on farm relief, and then, when the President vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill, voted to sustain the veto. By thus running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, logically—by politicians' logic—he ought to have got the votes of both hare and hounds. He got, on the only ballot, sixty-four votes, two less than those cast for Lowden, who had withdrawn his candidacy. And yet, long after Curtis and the rest of us are in our graves, the sage and sapient politicians will go on craftily calculating that they can win votes by following the instruction of Bunthorne:

You hold yourself like this,
You hold yourself like that,
By hook or crook
Contrive to look
Both angular and flat.

Another refreshing lesson in honest political thinking was given through the unexpected medium of Senator-elect Vare. The lesson he administered was a lesson on the unprofitableness of cowardice, hypocrisy and humbug. Mr. Vare will be recalled as the gentleman who was not pure enough to sit in the Senate. It was not that he was dishonest, but that the candidates for the Senate in Pennsylvania had each raised a large campaign fund. His rival, Mr. Pepper, who was the nominee of the Mellon machine, raised a much larger one than Mr. Vare, but Mr. Vare was elected—another of the innumerable proofs that swollen campaign funds are a waste of money. A considerable uproar was raised, and the Senate, most of whose members lived in smaller states and consequently had not had to spend so much to get elected, decided that the state of Pennsylvania had erred in electing Mr. Vare instead of Mr. Pepper.

Most certainly the senators did this not because they cared a nickel whether the prodigal Mr. Vare or the more prodigal Mr. Pepper was the purer, but because the result of the Newberry case had shown them that it was safer to exclude a victim of popular clamor than to let him in. The Senate expected to hear no more of Mr. Vare. It made the mistake of regarding him as an unimportant local boss, whereas Mr. Vare is quite likely to develop into another Penrose or another Quay.

Meanwhile the newspaper correspondents were reporting that the great Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, was going to decide the nomination at Kansas City. Not Mr. Coolidge; Mr. Mellon. He carried the great vote of Pennsylvania in his pocket. Mr. Mellon was a "sphinx." As a matter of fact, Mr. Mellon was no sphinx, but only a badly worried man. He and Vare are the two chief bosses in Pennsylvania. He and his family run the Mellon machine in Pittsburgh, Vare runs the Vare machine in Philadelphia. The rest of the state is divided among smaller bosses such as Grundy, who ally themselves as their interests dictate.

A few weeks before the convention something happened which would have let the political writers into a secret, if there had been one left in these days who was capable of interpreting it. There was a meeting of the Pennsylvania leaders, after which Mellon astonished everybody by giving a grudging admission that Hoover was the best candidate so far proposed. The "sphinx" had spoken!—but cryptically, cryptically. What did it portend? In which direction was the sphinx going to cast Pennsylvania's seventy-nine votes? What had happened was simply that at that meeting Vare had served notice on Mellon that he must say something favorable to Hoover. If he didn't, Vare would declare war on him then and there and split Pennsylvania wide open. Also Vare would take a Hoover delegation to Kansas City and make Mellon fight for his life there. That, for the information of the sagacious corre-

spondents, was what happened, and it was why the "sphinx" spoke; but he said as little as he could.

At Kansas City the correspondents continued to chirp and carol about how when Mellon arrived he would nod this way or that, and the convention would register the Pittsburgh Jove's decrees. The Pennsylvanians arrived. While the eager correspondents were teasing the great Mellon for an insight into his mighty plans, Vare announced that he was for Hoover and was going to take as much of the Pennsylvania delegation with him as he could carry. In thirty minutes the "sphinx" spoke, or rather gasped. He gasped that he, too, was for Hoover; and it was, indeed, all over.

A political campaign being what it is at its senseless worst, this triumph for straight thinking and square behavior in politics—and even in the United States Senate—will work Hoover harm. He will be charged with taking his nomination from the hands of a disreputable machine boss. Indeed, within twenty-four hours after Vare had suddenly appeared as the boss of no local machine, but as the leader of Pennsylvania herself and heir of Penrose, Senator La Follette was sneering that it was fitting—a man like Hoover nominated by a man like Vare. Mr. La Follette gives every indication of intending to knife the ticket in Wisconsin, and his words were assuredly intended to be overheard at Houston and to furnish the Democrats with a stillette for Hoover's back.

In one way it is a just retribution for the Republicans. They are preparing just as dishonest an onslaught on Smith. Senator Moses sounded their real keynote—Senator Fess's was, as is usual with artificially prepared keynotes, no keynote at all—when he said as permanent chairman, "We know our people do not intend to throw our country within the tender embrace of Tammany Hall." The thoroughly disingenuous charge that a corrupt political machine in New York is seeking to control the government through Smith's election will now be countered by the thoroughly disingenuous charge that a corrupt political machine in Philadelphia is seeking to control the government through Hoover's election. Tammany, Vare; tu quoque; you're another. Such things sicken one with political campaigns, but in spite of the light they shed on the contempt for the people's intelligence felt by those who make the charges, they are supposed to influence votes, and probably do influence many.

Every four years the general intellect seems to deteriorate and men believe things that would not fool them for a minute at any other time. The Vare-Tammany arguments will be made from a well-founded belief in the existence among the electorate of a large number of intellectual goslings. Under Tweed and Croker the Tammany machine was a vile thing; under the Hog Combine, the Gas Ring, and Mayor Ashbridge, the Philadelphia machine was a vile thing. The Republican and Democratic mudslingers will rely with justified confidence on the fondness of many minds

for docketing political persons by names and tags instead of facts. The Vare machine is not very holy, but it is an improvement on the organization that existed in Philadelphia when Iz Durham or Dave Martin was running things. The idea of picturing Vare as a corruptionist opposing the good Mr. Mellon is not accurate. The Mellons, of whom the Secretary is only one, are the heirs in Pittsburgh of Boss Chris Magee and Boss Bill Flinn, and the machine has passed down to them through successive hands, entirely unreformed.

The platform was adopted with a fight over one plank, and that one practically confined to the Committee on Resolutions. Coolidge's plank went through, as did everything else the silent man wanted; and the great "farm revolt" shimmered away. Governor McMullen's crusade of 100,000 embattled farmers dwindled; according to the Kansas City Star only 500 showed up, though they claimed 1,500. It is always possible to gather together 500 or 1,500 fun-lovers and trouble seekers on any trip that promises excitement. General Coxey could have done better in this case.

The Democrats are prematurely cheerful over this "farm revolt." They visualize a great turnover of votes in the Middle-West from it. The fact is that it is the hardest thing in the world for a bolter in June to stay a bolter until November. In this particular instance, it is very unlikely that the farmers' soreness will materialize into any Democratic avalanche, except in one or two states. The Coolidge farm plank promises a price-fixing board and only opposes the equalization fee; and the farmers, who are as sensible a lot as any other, will probably arrive at the unwelcome conclusion that whether Smith or Hoover is elected, they will never get an equalization fee; and that therefore they might as well vote the usual way. There are some sore spots, notably Wisconsin, where anger is likely to last long; but Wisconsin is sore not

only over farm relief but over other things—the Volstead law, the Coolidge policy, and pretty nearly everything else.

In the long waste of words that comprised the platform, only one other plank counts for anything—the prohibition plank. Senator Borah and Dr. Butler did yeoman work for it and have had their way. Dr. Butler, it is true, thought he was working against it, which is not the first case in which he has exhibited political innocence. He and Senator Borah both labored to have the convention declare positively either for strict enforcement or for amending the Volstead law. The conventions hitherto have avoided doing this, which was the utmost the wets could hope for. It was a certainty that if any convention was forced to declare one way or the other, it would have to declare for strict enforcement. This was withheld from the eyes of Butler, who dugged a pit for the dries and seemed surprised to find himself in it. However, the wets need not worry much; strict enforcement in practice will not mean any stricter enforcement than the law has had under Coolidge and Harding. As a matter of practical politics, the plank will do the Republicans no harm—and no great good, since they would have got as many dry votes by evasion as by speech.

The nomination of Curtis for Vice-President was excellent. Despite his shifty politics in trying to please everybody this year, Curtis is eminently fit for the Presidency, a strong and able and upright legislator who unites natural competency to long experience. Seldom does a convention prove that it can nominate a vice-presidential candidate with some forethought about the contingency for which the office was created.

In sum, the Kansas City convention did an unusual number of heartening things for clear thinking and straightaway politics. If Houston does as well, 1928 will be entitled to a credit mark in history.

CRITICIZING EDUCATORS

By IRVING A. J. LAWRES

NEWMAN as a typical Oxonian was an educator perhaps as much as theologian. His essays on education, according to a recent biographer, "would lead one to suppose that the proverbial dullness which attaches to the topic of education is partly due to the practitioners who have at any rate succeeded in transferring to their subject-matter a native quality of their own."

This is a far more fetching yet delicate jibe than most of the current broadsides being leveled at the professors of education. Heaping colorful expletives on the heads of educators continues as a dependable source of literary vaudeville, sure to capture an audience of educational reactionaries and invaluable to an editorial writer running low on ideas. Particularly

pungent are the effusions of some of the more orthodox professors who view with mediaeval horror of heresy any changes in the existing educational order—or disorder.

There is rather a consensus of opinion that education in America is in something of a chaotic state. The blame for this is laid by many critics at the door of the research laboratory of the professor of education. As a matter of fact, chaos in education considerably antedates the educationist. Education seems to have been in a bad way for some twenty-five centuries. Socrates gave his life to reforming it. Plato wrote a book outlining practically a whole new system and Aristotle, as Monroe tells us, was most insistent in indicating his opposition to both ends and means of

Dorian education. Cicero and Quintilian, of course, had to have their say, not to mention a multitude of lesser known writers. In a later age, Gargantua and Emile are typical. A glance over past pedagogical literature reveals our rich heritage of educational dissatisfaction.

In America, this dissatisfaction is especially widespread and intense. Criticism formerly was reserved to the philosopher and professor. There were no meat packers, flivver builders, luncheon speakers, no army of journalists to descant on the insufficiencies of the schools. In a democracy, we expect all this and our hopes are fulfilled a hundredfold. There is no promise of an impending lull in the present storm of criticism of education in general and of professors of education in particular.

Of late we have had many sweeping denunciations of pedagogy and its high priests together with all that interests them, from intelligence tests to intelligent teachers. Much of this criticism consists of all-inclusive generalizations and emotional overstatements by persons little qualified to discuss their subject. Some of it is capable and undoubtedly valid, and some portions too pathetically true. Considerable of the discussion centers about the intelligence tests, a topic on which the layman can hardly speak with accuracy, even after some private study.

Mr. Walter Lippmann, an admittedly keen student of public affairs who must not be confused with the ever-ready, after-dinner type of critic, was one of the first to criticize the results of the labors of the army psychologists. In discussing the findings of the Army Scale Alpha Testing, Mr. Lippmann implied that the rating A was a purely arbitrary grading, but as Freeman has pointed out, the distribution of scores of the various letter grades was made in a totally different way, the assigning being so adjusted as to approximate the normal distribution. "The fact that 4.1 percent of the men received grade A, therefore, is no mystery," as is implied in Mr. Lippmann's *The Mystery of the A Men*.

Perhaps most of the criticisms are not, as was Mr. Lippmann's, based on a study of available data. Too many are merely of the popular derogatory type, intended rather as amusement than as contributions of value. Mr. Mencken's incantations are familiar as pungent anathemas of the more hopeless pedagogue. Mr. Mencken's journal might be regarded as a sort of rallying ground for those who can impress the kneeling intelligentsia with weird exorcisms of the pedagogical Mephistopheles. If any one example of this rather continuous literary ritual were desired, a piece by Mr. T. N. Gillespie, not long back, might serve as well as any.

Mr. Gillespie's study was very evidently based on the catalogues of several teachers' colleges to which he added Logan, Utah, High School, Parrish Junior High, Texas Christian College, Wake Forest and one or two more, plus the tables of contents of a few

books and educational journals. The article contains the necessary references to Baptist divines, Eddie Guest, Rotarian dolts, a U. S. Senator, homo sapiens and homo boobiens, Americano and other Mercurial favorites. The major part of the paper is given to listing courses in education, names of educational diplomas, chapter headings from rather unimportant works and similarly rich sources of ridicule.

The writer's rather prosaic conclusions, couched in scintillating polysyllables, seem to be that some professors of education are capable men while very many are duds, and that much in their profession is trivial and ridiculous. All this is quite trite, widely known and admitted, but true of any other profession as well.

Mr. Gillespie's research, while limited, is not always accurate. As an example, he says:

For the more stupid pedagogues who fail to bag even the B. S. Ed., most of the Bigger and Better Schools of Education have generously provided a whole truck-load of special certificates and diplomas.

He appends a list with the remark that they are "mostly obtainable at Teachers' College [Columbia]." A little more accurate catalogue study would have revealed that "Teachers' College diplomas are awarded only in connection with degrees" and in some instances only with the Ph.D. degree. Again, he avers that:

The worst selling item on the whole pedagogical list is the Philosophy of Education.

A visit to such courses at Columbia would reveal three hundred or so in several of the sections devoted to that subject. Not an ideal class enrollment, to be sure, but quite different from Mr. Gillespie's notion of things.

It is not difficult to make things appear ridiculous if one takes questions from the Stanford Revision for five- or six-year-olds and offers them, without adequate explanation, as trivialities in education. A catalogue survey on any school subject will reveal many sources of laughter. It requires little effort to collect an array of nonsense by culling sentences from a superintendent in Iowa, a normal school teacher in Texas and the president of almost any college. Such effort, however, can scarcely be regarded as the work of a serious critic having what Irving Babbitt calls one of the first requisites of a persuasive critic, poise.

Mr. Babbitt himself finds fault with the pedagogue from time to time, but his criticism is unique in that it is tempered with a sane restraint and is rich in scholarship. Some weeks ago he said that "if the professors were performing their function properly, Mr. Mencken himself would not be possible." He quotes from the G Committee report of the American Association of University Professors which protests against the dominance of American education by "political, sentimental, as well as educational, theories which are demonstrably false." To this everyone can murmur a sincere "Amen," but when the Committee continues:

If the views of some men [presumably the educationists] are to prevail the intellectual life of the country is doomed; everybody except the sheer idiot is to go to college and pursue chiefly sociology, nature study, child study and community service . . .

then the reader is inclined to think that emotion begins to run away with the facts.

A month or so ago, Mr. Bernard DeVoto gave us one of the warmest blasts of recent times. He puts the blame for American educational chaos squarely upon the shoulders of the professors of education. To quote him, from Harper's:

As a veteran of the colleges, and one who has done his share of soul searching, I am convinced that the greater part of the present plight of the college is due to this group of uneducated fanatics, crazed enthusiasts or wilful charlatans who have, in the last fifteen years, ridden into power. It is they who have debauched the curricula, violated the chastity of pedagogy, ravished the academic quiet of sane men, and created the noise and stink and smoke-screen that envelope the profession.

So long as Mr. DeVoto confines himself to coruscating expletives and phosphorescent rhetoric he is quite safe, but when he wanders into the realm of tangible fact he treads on dangerous ground with whose byways he apparently is not too familiar. His discussion of a coefficient of correlation is a case in point.

Speaking of a coefficient of 5.4 on a scale of 10 (ordinarily .54 on a scale of 1.00) Mr. DeVoto says:

In other words, the test which was given at such an expense of time, energy and money achieved exactly the same result, the same coefficient of correlation, that anyone could achieve with no effort and in one-tenth of a second by tossing a coin.

A coefficient of correlation is not a percentage, but a statistical computation of the degree of going-togetherness of two qualities of forces. If there is no correlation, or only chance correlation, such as is achieved by Mr. DeVoto's coin-throwing act, the coefficient is 0. If there is a fairly high degree of correlation, then the indicating figure is about $+ .50$ to $+ .70$. If there is a reasonably high degree of negative correlation, or repulsion between the two, the coefficient would be around, say, $- .50$ to $- .70$, but according to Mr. DeVoto's reasoning $+ .50$ and $- .50$ must be the same. Furthermore, even if a zero correlation is found as a result of a study, it must not be concluded that all the work was in vain. It might be worthwhile to know (if it were so) that there is no correlation between intelligence and success on the stock market or between grade of gasoline and efficiency of a motor.

There are many junior partners of the Mencken, Gillespie and DeVoto firm, but no purpose would be served by multiplying instances. Nor is it within the scope of this paper to enter a defense of professors of education. The quacks in the field deserve everything said about them while the men of capacity will

in time be vindicated by their work. Mr. Mencken has already gone so far as to admit the value of the intelligence test which was regarded for a long time as the most vulnerable spot in the whole pedagogical anatomy. In his Notes on Democracy he confesses:

Here of course, I flirt with the so-called intelligence tests and so bring down upon my head that acrid bile which they have set to flowing. My plea in avoidance is that I have done my share of damning them; they aroused, when they were first heard of, my most brutal passions, for pedagogues had them in hand. But I can only say that time and experience have won me to them, for the evidence in favor of them slowly piles up, pedagogues or no pedagogues. In other words, they actually work. What they teach is borne out by immense accumulations of empiric corroboration.

Those educators who really have something of value to offer will ultimately get deserved recognition. As to the quacks we can only hope for their early extermination. We should not be too disturbed that there are many of them in education. This is true of every field of learning and achievement, and true of every profession. They are merely more prominent in the realm of education because the banker and broker trustees regard writing books and appearing in public as criteria for a living wage. When we consider the plethora of numbskulls posing as attorneys in this country, and that one state has no bar examination of any kind, to say nothing of the feeble restrictions in many states, we begin to realize that education has no corner on mediocrity.

It must be further granted that there is considerable empty bunk in pedagogy, but of what division of study or endeavor is this not true? Philosophy, literature, law, even theology. And these older subjects have had a much longer time to establish a scale of values and separate the chaff from the wheat, than has the newer science of education. Now just one more question. What of the hideous jargon which is said to constitute such a large part of educational science? Can a lay reader understand zoölogical terminology? Have the books on business, medicine, religion, rhetoric, philosophy, no terms which need explanation? Who will say that Aristotle's tragic "katharsis," Aquinas's intellectus "agens," Kant's "categorical imperative," Whitehead's "complete conceptual realization of the realm of ideal form," do not need considerable interpretation?

Space precludes further elaboration and it only remains to express hope for an early abating of the mutual distrust which renders impossible any coöperation between the educators, or educationists (a vile cognomen) and their more orthodox confrères. As President Wilkins of Oberlin says in his new book, *The Changing College*:

Neither party is without fault, nor is either party wholly wrong. Various causes are now operating to reduce that mutual distrust. May it soon diminish into insignificance!

THE SCHOOL HISTORIES CONTROVERSY

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

A FEW months ago the Chicago Board of Education removed William McAndrew from the post of superintendent of that city's schools. A little later the voters of Chicago in effect removed Mayor William Hale Thompson from his position of political boss. It would seem to be an appropriate time to look into the realities of the school histories question. Those realities have been obscured by political prejudices, soiled by political use. But the allegation that the text-books from which American history is taught to our children have been tampered with, and the fight against such alleged perversions of our national story, far antedate the interest of Chicago's mayor and the mutually destructive contest between him and William McAndrew.

Fully fifteen years ago the matter was agitated by Mr. M. A. O'Reilly, a New York journalist. Nearly ten years ago it was taken up by Philip Francis, chief editorial writer of the Hearst morning papers, and by Edward McSweeney of the Knights of Columbus. Shortly afterward Charles Grant Miller wrote the first of his numerous articles on the subject; in 1922 a committee of the New York Board of Education investigated it; and two or three years later the then Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, David Hirschfield, held public hearings and presented a report. Let us discard the allegations of Mayor Thompson and his Board of Education, and the Hirschfield report, as colored by politics; disregard the views of Messrs. O'Reilly and McSweeney lest an Irish coloration be suspected; rule out the Francis and Miller papers as intemperate: yet in the thorough-going, conservative report of the New York Board of Education committee, made public by the then Superintendent William L. Ettinger, who was himself accused of pro-British leanings, we find ample support for the alarm which has been expressed by the Sons of the Revolution (under the leadership of Judge Wallace McCamant) the D. A. R., the G. A. R., the American Legion and other patriotic organizations, over current tendencies in the teaching of American history.

The core of the matter is not the motives nor the manners of any politician, but simply this: Have there been, in recent years, changes made in the text-books from which our children are taught American history, of such a nature as to indicate tampering and amount to perversion? The newspapers, almost without exception concurring in an attitude dictated by ignorance or something worse, have steadily sought to divert attention from this question. Addressing myself wholly to that question, I shall quote just a few of the text-book passages to which objection is made.

These passages fall under two main classifications. There are statements and innuendoes casting doubt

upon the very justification for the erection of this nation in freedom, implying that the Revolution was a mistake or a blunder, and intimating that the colonies should really have remained in the British empire. And there are passages which either misrepresent and lie about, or misinterpret and sneer at, the founders, the heroes and the achievements of the Revolution. Let us look at some examples of the latter sort.

Barnes's school history states that:

John Hancock . . . President of the Continental Congress, and the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a smuggler.

West's and Guitteau's histories set forth the heinousness of smuggling in language calculated to make a child view it with repugnance, and then accuse many of the leading patriots of this crime. The New York Board of Education committee points out that, by a series of seven acts from 1646 to 1733, the British Parliament put such tyrannous and destructive restraints on American commerce that *all* patriotic Americans, as a matter alike of justice and self-preservation, ignored and defied those acts; and it says:

When the whole body of traders, men of stern rectitude, leaders in civic life, openly and with the concurrence of the community defy the law, it is not fair to call them smugglers. They are seeking to maintain a principle.

West's, McLaughlin and Van Tyne's, and Guitteau's histories state that the Intercolonial Correspondence Committees, the very germ of our independent government, resulted from an unjustified attack by an American mob on the British warship *Gaspee*, which was only doing its duty in chasing a smuggler. The New York Board of Education committee cites John Fiske and other authoritative historians to remind us that the captain of the *Gaspee* had been for months conducting himself as an unrestrained petty tyrant, forcing all American vessels to lower their flags, seizing such cargoes as he coveted whether they were contraband or not, raiding the farms along Narragansett Bay, stealing sheep and hogs, firing on peaceful farmers; and that the real reason why Intercolonial Correspondence Committees were formed was that the British government threatened, in violation of the English and colonial constitutions, to transport to England for trial those who had punished this marauder.

McLaughlin and Van Tyne, Guitteau, and West, all represent the Boston Massacre as the result of an unjustified attack by rowdy Americans on peaceful British soldiers. The New York Board of Education committee points out that the sending of a large force of soldiers to Boston was military tyranny in the first place; that their landing had been truculent and their

conduct belligerent, and that the patriot leaders had pleaded with the royal governor to remove the soldiers to the fort to avoid trouble.

Barnes's history teaches our children that the Second Continental Congress was a scene of "bickerings" and contained "selfish, unworthy, short-sighted, narrow-minded, office-seeking and office-trading plotters," but accords it no praise for declaring the independence of our country, setting forth our case to the world, organizing a civil government, an army and a treasury, and securing the aid of foreign powers, all under the shadow of poverty and military disaster.

McLaughlin and Van Tyne state that "Adams and Hancock stole away" from Lexington. That statement was read to a class of school teachers, and they unanimously agreed that it led them to think of Hancock and Adams as cowards. Lossing, Bancroft, Fiske, and Harper's *Encyclopedia of United States History* agree that Hancock desired to stay and command the Americans on Lexington green, but that the Minute Men persuaded him and Adams to leave because their lives were too valuable to risk and they were needed as leaders of the people.

West calls Samuel Adams "the first American political boss," and credits him only with leadership of a rabble and with "intrigue and a foresight sometimes sinking into cunning." McLaughlin and Van Tyne say he made tools of men. Hart calls him a wire-puller and sneers that "though he could destroy, he did not know how to build up a state." McLaughlin and Van Tyne sneer at Patrick Henry as a "gay, unprosperous and hitherto unknown country lawyer." The same authors, as well as Guitteau, Morris and Barnes, make no mention of Nathan Hale, his martyrdom and the cruelty of his captors, but do refer sympathetically to the British spy, Major André. On the other hand, McLaughlin and Van Tyne excuse the treason of Benedict Arnold on the ground that he had been unfairly treated by Congress; whereas, the New York Board of Education committee shows, Arnold had been most generously rewarded in money and rank for his prior gallant services.

In this mere handful of instances among scores that could be cited, there are two tendencies which certainly challenge the attention of all Americans. First, there is deliberate misstatement of facts, as in the cases of the Gaspee incident, the Boston Massacre and the retirement of Hancock and Adams from Lexington. Will those who tell us we must have "the new history," and who refer superciliously to "legends and fairy-tales," justify falsehood? And second, there is the strange tendency to ignore patriots and martyrs, to excuse traitors, to praise enemies, and to bring to the attention of school children the weaknesses, not the strengths, the errors, not the heroisms, the petty characteristics, not the great qualities, of the men who wrested from the mightiest empire on earth the foundations of this republic. Consider merely the case of Sam Adams. If there was any chief architect of our liberties, it was

he. Poor, sick, hunted, the shadow of vengeance and death always over him, he scorned General Gage's bribes and at last hurled an aroused people into the teeth of tyrants. What kind of history is it that presents this perfect exemplar of heroic civic virtue to the children who enjoy the fruits of his toils and intrepidities, as a mere wire-puller and cunning intriguer?

History of course easily becomes encrusted with myths. Heroic virtues enlarge in the perspective of the years, and faults are forgotten. The history revisionists argue that truth should replace myth even if the truth hurts. I cannot even imagine any sound argument against that. Not only scholars, but all mature citizens, would be better for realizing what human blemishes lie upon the characters of our heroes, and what blunders and injustices have marked the stumbling progress of our country. But on no such ground can the teaching of positive falsehood, such as I have cited in the treatment of the Gaspee, Boston Massacre and Arnold incidents, be justified; and even less justifiable is the subtle moral lie involved in reducing heroic men—and the God Who made us and bears with us knows that we need heroic men more than anything else—to the stature of petty intriguers. What is it that makes Washington, Hancock, Henry and Adams subjects of historical remembrance? Not their private faults, but their public services.

But here is the nub of the matter as far as school histories are concerned: that we are not concerned here with what mature men and women, who know life's flaws and shadows, may read; but with what young and immature children are taught. Listen to the New York Board of Education committee on this head:

The majority of the pupils in the elementary grades will never attend upon higher instruction. [They] are interested in broad, powerful descriptions. . . . [They] are not sufficiently developed mentally to permit of meticulous exactness, fine-spun differentiation or philosophic analyses. . . . It is sufficient to acquaint the pupil with . . . the facts which will lead him to understand that liberty is a priceless jewel; that he should be proud of his country. . . . Children live and suffer with their heroes. . . .

And Superintendent Ettinger put the thought even more saliently in these words:

Regard for historical accuracy does not require that elementary histories contain statements with regard to the foibles or weaknesses of any of the great historical figures who have always been the subject of admiration and reverence. We should not direct the attention of immature minds to the mistakes, infirmities or peccadilloes of historical characters, because their greatness rather than their failings enabled them to be creative forces in our national life.

Upon sound educational grounds, therefore, rests the protest against clouding the broad picture suitable to adolescent and sub-adolescent minds with petty details and derogatory innuendoes.

But there is a deeper offense than this business of

denigrating our heroes. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, writing a history for American school children, says:

It is not easy to see just why the colonists felt so dissatisfied.

McLaughlin and Van Tyne say:

There is little use in trying to learn whose fault it was that the war began.

West's history gives the impression that the colonists were suffering no real wrongs, but merely sought an excuse for breaking away from Britain. Of this book the New York Board of Education committee said:

No Weddeburn, no crown advocate, could plead the British cause in a more bitterly partisan spirit.

Certainly no American need hesitate from any scruple against "spread-eagleism" to denounce such "historical teaching," and wrathfully. Is this republic, then, merely a historical error? Was it by accident that this nation came into being? Oh, read the Declaration of Independence! Deprecate its rhetoric if you will, but read the long, simple, solemn recitation of the definite, undeniable acts of tyranny which goaded a peaceful people to revolt—restriction of commerce, prohibition of manufactures, levying of taxes, military occupation, ravishment of civic rights—these were the causes of the Revolution. But all the attention that McLaughlin and Van Tyne pay to the actualities of the Declaration is to say, in a footnote:

A list of twenty-seven grievances was given, some of which seem unreasonable now.

Thus is American history taught to American children!

There is a still deeper error which consists in representing the American Revolution as merely a phase of the progress of the British people toward liberty. This is bolstered by the impression which our school historians convey, that the people of this land in 1776 were virtually all of English blood. People of English blood were the greatest single factor in our population at that time. But they could not have been much more, if more at all, than 50 percent of the whole. Mr. M. J. O'Brien has shown, in his *Hidden Phase of American History*, by an examination of the rosters of the patriot armies, that at least 38 percent of Washington's armies were of Irish blood. Then there were the Germans who followed Muehlenberg and Herkimer, the Dutch in New York, and other racial elements. While it is just and pleasant to acknowledge that English qualities have been the greatest single influence in our mighty progress, it is gross historical error, in view of the mighty tides of German, Scandinavian, Irish and other bloods in our national veins today, as well as the perhaps 50 percent of non-English blood here in 1776, to treat American history as a mere branch of English. Yet recently, talking with the

intelligent eleven-year-old daughter of a German-Jewish-American, I found that at the expensive private school she attended, she was being taught precisely that the Revolution was a mere phase of the English struggle for liberty, and that it could have been (with the implication that it should have been) avoided had the Fathers been wiser.

Note that the cumulative tendency of every kind and instance of this "revised" historical teaching is to make the growing generation of Americans excuse England for her conduct prior to 1776, and to make them doubt whether, after all, we were right in leaving the British empire. I have no doubt that some of the "revisionist" historians are innocent of propagandist purpose; unbought and unbribed, they are merely muddle-minded "intellectuals" whose weak minds, under the shock of discovering that there are faults in this republic, rush to the other extreme of teaching our children the faults primarily and the virtues hardly at all. There are, however, evidences of actual propaganda; but the merest survey of those evidences would require an article longer than this can be. Rather than touch upon these evidences inadequately, I forbear to enter upon that phase of the situation at all.

But here are facts about the teaching of American history to American children which carry their own implications and their own condemnation. We have a right to demand that our children be so instructed in American history that they will see that this republic, with all its faults, is still the greatest political achievement of man; that our example has been the greatest source of inspiration to every people who have achieved or fought for freedom from 1776 to these post-war days; that the Revolution was the most pregnant political event in all history; that the men who led it were, regardless of little human faults, heroic men; and that we and our children and the world today need not so much an account of their weaknesses, but under God a reverent study of the intrepid greatness of their souls.

Matin

On such a morning of good-will,
When thoughts and pigeons fly,
I lean along a golden sill
And compliment the sky,

So clear, so excellently blue,
It clarifies all things!
Now I am re-created new
For bold adventurings. . . .

What though tomorrow I may meet
Inclement weather?
Today the earth is richly sweet,
And courage in fine feather,

And I may draw one gallant breath
As in some game of chance.
Life smiles at me and even Death
Wears kinder countenance.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

CHANNELS OF GRACE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS a device of a rather shoddy and old-fashioned romanticism to associate the moods and changing aspects of nature with human or divine concerns, yet as all poets and many of the saints agree, nature is sacramental. On earth and in the limits of time, spirit does operate in and through matter. This is the real reason why saints, made powerful through sanctity, are able to work what we, in our wonderment, call miracles. It also is the reason why poets penetrate, by flashes of genius, the obscure frontier between nature and supernature and thrill our souls with intimations second only to the revelations of God of the beauty within and above all that visible beauty which is one of the myriad minor names of God. Mystics on their way through space and time toward the eternity that is the true home of the soul, glimpse, through the mediums of many things fluctuant and ephemeral in themselves, the unchanging unity that explains everything. All men and women who, simply because they are human, have that given to their souls which may make them divine in eternal life, and which in the life of time and space and flesh makes them akin to saints and poets, know moments now and then when they, too, like poets and saints, receive dim and confused intuitions of the truth. These intuitions guide the saints in their searchings after sanctity; which is the brightest reflection possible on earth of divinity. With the poets, these intuitions constitute the communicable but unspeakable magic which lifts human language into music and as near to the intellectual understanding of truth, that will be the inexhaustible joy of the soul in heaven, that it is permitted to humanity to touch. The rest of us can say only: I also saw this and that, which in that moment was a symbol of that which I cannot say; but, since such moments are our most memorable, speak we must, somehow or other; because it is one of the strongest proofs that love is the real life of man that we ever strive to tell about our glimpses of love. For love is a giving, a sharing of good; we cannot keep love for ourselves, for love is incomplete without union with others seeking love.

I too, then, remember—

The Burning Bush

There was a morning in springtime when I suddenly stood still before a bush in a little suburban town through which I had been walking, as if an invisible hand had halted me, and an unheard voice was speaking, and my vision was enlarged, so that I could see beyond the reach of my eyes. I could see where the extremest point of the most tiny and fragile of the roots of that bush, down in the earth, amid the moist soil, drew from the earth those fructifying elements distilled by the mysterious chemistry of spring that its

life required; together with those even more impalpable, yet not the less real, elements which the most delicate filament of its topmost twig, so slender and fine that it melted away into the air around it, drew, as our lips draw down, the sunshine and the air. And where the lucent green of the tiny buds, with their little hearts pinker than the inside of a baby's lips, touched the clear, rain-washed black of the bark—a black as radiant with life as the green itself—I, for one instant of an instant, glimpsed and almost (ah, but the immeasurable gulf of that “almost”!) understood the mystery of the transmutation of spirit into matter, and their union. But, if I could not really understand, I could, however, do something even better; I could worship, I could praise, I could thank, I could love the God Whose will was working its unending work of love in that dear bush, by the side of that mean street, on the lawn of somebody's humble home. And, now that I am a Catholic, I can look upon the miracle of the Mass, when wine and bread are changed into God, with deeper reverence, I believe, than would have been possible unless that moment by the burning bush in spring had been given to me in my pagan days. And, too, I now better understand how it was, and why, that all grains of God's truth granted to those born in the world before the Incarnation are so reverently and lovingly gathered by the Church, and wrought into her ritual, and her philosophy; and so, moreover, can I better comprehend the adorable doctrine of our all-loving mother, the Church, concerning her own soul, and how human souls that by God's unsearchable will are born in this world, even today, beyond the visible influence of the visible Church, can be, and indeed many are, truly Catholic.

The Lunar Rainbow

There was another time when I was sleeping in the open air, wrapped in a blanket, on the ground, on the side of a hill in California, far from cities and towns, miles from any house—alone. There had been rain, but it was all over, when suddenly I came awake, some hour perhaps before the dawn. Awake, yes; but the word is feeble to express the intensity of that awakening. There was no touch of drowsiness; no slightest lingering of that fog-like bewilderment and wandering of the mind that is normal with most of us as daily we return from the mystery of sleep to the even greater mystery of consciousness. There was no touch of wind. There was, far off, far below me on the shore, the faintest possible sound of the sea; that sea that stretched before me thousands of miles to Asia, like a floor of black basalt under the illimitable dome of a sky only just lighter than the sea, save for the sparks and the separated glowings of the stars. Amid them,

low down, was a thin crescent moon, and below the moon there was a rainbow, or a rainbow's soul.

The Triple Rainbow

There was another time when, again, I was alone on a high mesa among the Santa Rita mountains in Arizona.

Santa Rita is called "the saint of the impossible." You pray to her to help you in desperate cases. But I was not a Catholic then; her name meant only a colored and beautiful sound; like all those names in our southwestern country which turn its railroad timetable, as Charles Warren Stoddard said, into a litany of the saints. That is to say, they do so for those who believe—a fact which proves, like so many others, the fuller, richer content of the life of true believers, as compared with the limited life of doubters or unbelievers. Facts and ordinary realities are as strictly facts and realities for the Christian Catholic (the highest type of believer) as they are for others; but, in addition, they are surcharged with meanings connected with the supernatural and the divine.

But, as I say, for those who are not Catholics, the old names in our Southwest are merely "picturesque" or "romantic," souvenirs of those impractical, if interesting, people, the Spanish pioneers. For others again, the true Nordics, they are simply a nuisance; hard to spell, harder still to pronounce properly, and most un-American. People of that sort tried hard some years ago, through the usual method so dear to Nordic Americans of the more vulgar kind, namely, legislative enactment, to banish all such names and substitute good, stanch, honest, 100 percent American names, like Boomtown, and Calvinville, and Smithburg. Fortunately, however, other good, Nordic Americans, the real estate associations and hotel-keepers, defeated the attempt, on the ground that the old Spanish names attracted tourists. As they do. There is a lot to be said in favor of the Nordic Protestant American influence. It would be the death of American civilization should it ever predominate; but its sound, good sense, its realistic methods when it wants something done and is not inflamed with its terrible prejudices, are mighty good things. The worst evil of the revolt led by Luther was the separation of so much of the Anglo-Saxon stock from the humanizing, civilizing and spiritualizing direction of the Church. If they (God grant it!) ever come back home, how the Church will prosper, and our world as well! But, I must return to my mesa in Arizona.

I was living alone in a hut on a ranch, miles from any neighbor; recovering from sickness, and writing; or, rather, trying to write, which is all that any of us, except one or two men or women in a century, may truthfully say. It was the rainy season, so that almost every night there were magnificent sunsets. Desirous of receiving the full force of these gorgeous spectacles uncontaminated by any human associations, I used to pack up a bit of supper and tramp a mile or two away,

climbing a hill higher than the one on which my ranch was situated. There, in lonely and doubtless sentimental egotism I would take my bath of solitude, and enjoy—as mad King Ludwig, solitary in his Munich opera house, tried to enjoy the music of Wagner—the grandiose panorama of desert, mountains and valleys, transfigured in the terrible tides of color spilled down from a sky incredibly ablaze with gold and crimson and purple, and overtones of commingled violets and greens and amethystine hues, which, in that pulsating, arid mountain air, seemed to radiate and render visible colors and combinations of colors never before made visible.

A Christian, unless he had been a saint, would have longed for companions; and the saint, of course, would have included all human companionship in his stretching toward unity of soul with the Creator of such awful beauty; but, I, in those days, was touched more than a little by the heresy of the intellectual aristocrat. I considered myself at least a postulant seeking entrance into the high order of artists and thinkers, of whom the poor, weak, mad Nietzsche was a leader in those days: prophets of the superman, with more than a little belief that perhaps the superman was already here. Such men, both the big ones among them and the little ones who make the most noise about the silly business, are keen for solitary and detached sensations and experiences, which the vulgar, they suppose, can never appreciate.

They would only be puzzled by that Spanish ship captain of whom a friend of mine, a world-wandering American Jesuit, told me. One night as the ship on which the priest was voyaging approached the Balearic Isles, throbbing through that sea that is sacred in its associations with the great story of man and his God, the Mediterranean, under a sky so beautiful with stars that the priest could only say, "So beautiful!" the seaman said to the priest, "Father, we ought to repeat the rosary, for it is a night for prayer." Side by side the captain and the soldier of Christ tramped the deck, answering each other in that prayer which is a compendium of all Christian prayers and all the Christian drama, in that Latin tongue which binds together the peoples of more than three hundred languages and dialects. In the morning, too, the captain served the Jesuit's Mass in Mallorca's great cathedral. No—the neo-pagan aristocrats would not have understood the superiority of that seaman's soul; nor should I, in those Arizona days.

However, I had no opportunity to take my self-reserved seat in that vast auditorium that night, and tolerantly permit nature to stage its spectacle for my solitary enjoyment; for, when I came out of my hut, I found that the sky was one solid, low ceiling of thick, leaden cloud, swollen with imminent rain; and the land beneath it, the stark hills, the mesas, the plains and valleys, was like a corpse; drained of all color, ashen, even livid in hue; the sharp hills sticking up raw and ugly, like the ribs of a starvation victim. So, I went

back into my hut, ate my supper, and smoked and read a while. Then, some little change in the light coming in my window stirred me to curiosity, and I stepped outside.

I cannot describe what I saw, but I can, perhaps, say something that may dimly sketch that apocalypse.

The cloud still covered the world, but the rain was yet withheld, and the sun sinking in the west had burned a gateway through which its alembical fire flooded forth, transmuting that vast ceiling of lead into liquid and flaming gold, and elevating it from a flat plane into a mighty dome. Beneath it the vast country lay like the model of a world of emptiness molded by a Titan sculptor: every hill sharp as if cut out of flint, every valley gashed out of the flint as if by a chisel; and everything not merely painted with purple and crimson and violet, but here and there changed into solid opals, blocks of ruby, shapes of jagged jade. And, in the east, the dome of liquid gold was cut through cleanly, and in the centre of that vast, open space three rainbows were suspended, one within the other, drawing my gaze to where, on the far opposite wall of the

world, a flat surface of palest silver, a lightning storm was raging, but with no thunder audible because it was so distant that the crooked, violet flashes were as if fixed there like the hieroglyphics of that language, whichever it was, that was spoken in the days before the flood, when the giants walked this earth.

I think that even Ludwig, the madman, perhaps even Nero, would in that moment and in that place have forgotten themselves. Possibly even poor Nietzsche would have forgotten his books.

There have been other moments of grace bestowed through beauty—particularly a moment when a girl that I know rather well, leaving the altar rail where she knelt in her white bridal dress and veil, retired from the church, and returned a little later clothed in the black dress of a nun; and I saw her eyes uplifted toward the sanctuary, beneath the white veil of a novice taking her first simple vows to the Spouse of all great lovers; and I caught one slight glimpse of natural love lifting itself into the sphere of the supernatural—but concerning those other memories, expression fails.

NEXT TO GODLINESS

By ALICE WADE MULHERN

WITH each year at Saint Genevieve's new privileges came to us as tribute to the birthday passed. When we became ten, for instance, we were given two really grown-up personal rights—to make our first retreat, and to take our own bath.

We had three baths a week. The Wednesday morning and Saturday night baths had a posted schedule; but the third one was individually arranged for whenever Sister Angel (who bathed everyone not yet ten) and we, found a convenient time.

At home, of course, we leapt into the tub as anyone does, with nothing on at all, nude as trout; but at convent we bathed in a bathdress. This was a heavy muslin garment of no special cut except that it was very loose. Fastened at the neck in the back with a button, it hung below the knee and had long kimona sleeves. It was made of a cloth rather like flour sacking so that in no sense of the word was it pleasing to feel or even faintly transparent.

We were soaped and scrubbed under this robe until it was time to climb out of the tub. Then, a great Turkish towel took its place, modestly to hide our small bodies from our own eyes and from those of Ma Soeur Angel.

Upon becoming ten, however, we knew what freedom meant; for, from this time on, no girl seriously used the bathdress once the door of the bathroom closed upon her. Whatever happened in there was her own secret. Her privacy was never violated. It is true bathdresses dripped as of old; but a quick sloshing in the abandoned water brought that about

On the dormitory floor was a large guest chamber, the Red Room. It had its own bath, one which in an emergency we were allowed to use; but as the guest room was rather dark and coldly imposing with frigid, formal furniture, the school avoided it and really believed it housed a ghost.

Guests stayed in the Red Room only twice each year and then but for a few hours: when the bishop came to confirm us, and on graduation day in June. Was it for empty show, then, that great sleigh bed? It was the largest bed in the world, we thought, and so high off the floor that its phantom visitor had to mount two carpeted steps to get into it. "Phantom visitor"—because certainly mortals shunned it. That is, if signs counted for anything. The children swore the chamber was haunted, else why the holy water founts on both sides of both doors?

The servants dusted there in pairs, all the time mumbling prayers and in such a hurry to close the door after them that sometimes a dust cloth got caught in the jamb. How the maids shrieked as one of them was jerked back. They never blamed themselves for such experiences; but always the sombre ghost in that shadowy room.

In the beginning after I had won the right to bathe myself, the tenth birthday having come at last, I had to bribe a few of the girls for their turns at the Red Room's tub; but it did not take too long to see that no one really liked to go there but me, so I began to look upon the place as my private property.

Every week at confession my table of sins began

with the number of times I had been vain; for vain I was, as ever a child could be. Of myself, I knew which girls in school were pretty and why each one was; but no one ever said that I was pretty. There were no mirrors to find out. So I pretended that my blue eyes looked bluer than ever in the uniform pale blue eider-down bathrobe, edged with satin ribbon. Short, black, curly hair and blue eyes in a blue robe, over and over again the picture came to please. I should look well—shamefacedly the notion stayed—I should look well when a ghost saw me in the Red Room, or a spirit on leave from the greyness of limbo.

Oh, for an adventure in the Red Room! For several weeks with heart expectant, I waited for ghosts like genii to rise up in smoke from the floor, or to walk through a wall before my eyes. None came. Possibly a devil would offer me the wealth of the Indies for my immortal soul. None did. Perhaps a poor soul weeping gently would timidly call me by name. None did.

So I made up my own adventure. I leapt. High in the air, bathrobe and slippers thrown on the bed, the outer door locked with its grating iron key, freed of all clothes, nude as a star, I leapt in great swoops, up and down the Red Room.

Leapt, because I was Daphne afraid of Apollo; a dryad out for a run with the wind; a nymph vaulting to a centaur's back; a saint whose ecstatic feet fled the earth for heaven.

The very bath was compact of leaps: a dolphin I sprang into the tub; a carp freed of enchantment, I leapt out, now a prince eager for his interrupted love and fame.

Retreat ended with a feast of rejoicing on December 8, Immaculate Conception day. For three days before we gave our souls their annual rebaptism from sin, their yearly strengthening in faith.

The chaplain was frightfully old. Perhaps, had he been younger, he might have varied his talks at retreat. As it was, year in, year out, they were the same. For the first two days he covered the four last things: death, judgment, heaven, hell. On the final day just before confession, he talked to us about the Divine Love.

Our hearts were touched by this sermon. It was pleasant to hear intimate things about God: His goodness and bounty are those of a Father who always forgives. This mighty King, sung to all day and all night long by choirs of seraphim and cherubim; this all-wise Ruler to whom sun and moon and stars do homage; He, the Mover and the Maker, He is childhood's gentle Friend.

God will pardon us if only we are sorry enough and sincerely anxious to be good. He will forgive us for sins against our neighbor, for the wasting of our precious gifts in venial ways, for hidden sins, even, for sins shut away from all the world but open to Him.

Ordinarily, a sermon was for me an oasis of ease; but at retreat I tried to make body, mind and soul one

listening ear. Possibly, my eternal salvation was dependent upon how worthily this retreat was made. "God loves the world"—so Father Waldemar had said in this, the fifth sermon—even before he had left the altar each child's examination of conscience had begun.

To be shriven—girl followed girl in succession: from the hard kneeling benches to the confessional, to the telling of her sins, to the receiving of absolution, to the working out of her penance, to the real beginning of her life of godliness.

Soon was to be my turn. Was I to have only the same ordinary faults to tell. Had retreat failed to break any hardness of heart I might have? In my mind I went over the ritual as soon I was to practise it on the other side of the gold velvet curtain to Father Waldemar's behind-the-grating ear:

"Bless me, Father; for I have sinned. It is one week since my last confession. Since that time I have committed the following sins: I have been vain at least fifty times; I have had distractions, certainly one hundred of them, during Holy Mass, during morning and night prayers, during your sermons, too, Father, sometimes.

"Then, I have also been inattentive at class and once or twice, inside myself, scornful of one of my superiors. In telling an adventure, more often than not, I have made things either much worse than they really were or much nicer.

"I am sorry to say it but I hate Sally Davis. Yesterday, Father, I sat down on top of her, pretending that when she was in a chair it was quite empty. I shall try ever so hard to like her; but it will be a struggle. That's all, Father. For these and all the sins of my past life, I am heartily sorry and I sincerely desire to amend them. Amen."

Ordinarily, the examination of conscience over, a great relief spreads through the penitent's soul. But amazingly enough on this day my soul seemed untouched. Tried though I had been in the fire of my first retreat the preparation for confession through which I had just gone had left me cold, unconvinced. A brittleness had come over me. It was as if a wand had turned me into glass.

"Brittleness," the thought stayed. Dried up within, without blood, without heart. "Can it be?" the question was a new idea to bother, "Can it be that I have become a hardened sinner? Brittle, strait-laced, proud-backed?"

There was only one thing left in a pass like this: to pray for help. God certainly would understand what had come over me. He would lift me up even though my own terrible mood fought Him.

"Make me think," the prayer ended, "Tell me if this hardness comes from anything within—from another sin, perhaps, a forgotten one, or from one of those which Father Waldemar called 'hidden.' 'Hidden?'—an unusual sin, dear Lord, one known only to You and me—"

The last words had scarcely been formed on my murmuring lips when before my eyes flashed the leaps!

The leaps in the air with nothing on? The high-springing leaps? Had they been dreadful, those leaps of mine? Had they been a sin, the kind of "hidden" sin that Father Waldemar had talked about? Certainly, no one but God and I had known of them. They had been "hidden"—but a sin?

But sin or no sin, how could I confess them? It was impossible, unthinkable; it could not be done. To have breathed a word about them to another child would have been out of the question; to have let the nuns know—my cheeks blazed at the thought. How, then, was one to tell a man, priest though he was, representative of God on earth or not? In my terror again I turned to my only confidant, "Let me die, Blessed Lord, before I have to tell. Take me to You."

To die,—if the leaps had been a mortal sin, to die meant to go to hell! Once more I stormed the gates of my Friend: "Little Son of the Father, come to my aid! Tell me the leaps are not sins. Please let a miracle happen."

My turn at confession was next; but next or not, I sprang to my feet a moment before I was to enter the shriving box, and in frantic eagerness to put off the ordeal as long as possible, began the Stations of the Cross.

No, after all, martyrs had gone to their deaths for Christ—some one of them, his name did not matter, had joked when roasting on a gridiron over a slow fire. Very well. I had not yelled when my arm was being set. Why should I whine over a sin?

"Here I go"—this with a genuflection to Our Holy Lord in the tabernacle. The curtains of the confessional dropped behind me.

The afternoon had wings. I jumped over everything on the playground, over two benches, over a small barrel, over a forgotten hoe, over a piece of blown newspaper. I made a pyramid of cracker boxes and would have beautifully cleared it if my frock had not caught on a nail. Down I came sprawling on the other side of the tumbled heap. All the girls laughed and I did, too, harder than anyone else. What did it matter that my nose was skinned, my ankle strained, my frock torn in a great right-angled swath?

Turned into a comet I raced over the hill back of the convent graveyard. Through frost-stiff berry patches I spun, and over ground frozen so hard it might have cut through my boots had my flight not been so swift.

At collation time so red were my cheeks, so shiny my eyes, that Sister Beatrice put a thermometer under my tongue in search of fever.

Never in my life had I been so gay. "Hello," said I to Sally Davis, "Race you around the gym." I let her beat me but she did not know, and we put our arms around each other going up to night prayers.

Sally was nice. The world was nice and so, too, was I.

That night I had no dreams at all. I merely slept, long, soundly. In the morning I was so happy as I forced my feet demurely to walk down from the communion rail that I could scarcely hold myself in, as, slowly and in dignity, I told Him so. And when, after Communion, we walked in solemn procession throughout the convent carrying lighted candles in honor of Our Blessed Lady while the Children of Mary held high a blue and silver Madonna, I sang so loudly that Sister Beatrice whispered, "Sssh—you are quite off key." "Merci, ma soeur," my eyes smiled back a "Thanks" to her smiling ones and I kept on singing just as gaily but, from this time on, a more harmonious chorister.

If only the night would come. Again to splash and tumble in the mellow, homemade waves of the Red Room's bath! Then, when come it did at the very moment when hope seemed lowest; when come it did—off I slid down the glassy, waxed floors at engine speed, off to sorcery and the leaps!

That night, however, I was a new thing as I snorted and whinnied and shook my black, black, curly mane; as I curvetted and bounded, as I pranced and galloped up and down the green-pastured Red Room.

For I was for the first time that night what, for many times during after years, I was to become. I was that thing which in confession Father Waldemar, directly after absolution, had called me. "God bless you, my child," he had said, "you and your leaps. You are just a young colt who runs against his own shadow. How ever can you grow if you do not try your meadow legs?"

Abandoned

Once the footworn, white-scrubbed floor
Knew no lint behind the door;
Corners hid no grey fluff-flecked
Token of neglect.
Ordered rugs and beds precise
Told of skill and system nice;
And the billowing curtains blew
Back to let the sunlight through
Panels so bright they seemed to cry
Greetings to the passerby.

She is gone, and loneliness
Fingers her abandoned dress;
Traces faded walls where swung
Happy keepsakes, pictures hung;
Leans, a presence grey and still,
On the dusty window-sill;
Rustles dead, long-stiffened flowers,
Touches ghostly hands to ours.

To the closing door the lawn
Whispers, "She is gone—is gone,"
And the paths in disarray
Answer, "Gone away!"

GRACE STONE COATES.

P O E M S

Withdrawal

Let me drive hence
All sullen care and turbulence:
These muddy the spirit crystal-cool:
Anger with fools but makes another fool.

Quiet thee, heart;
Shelter in stillness far apart;
A secret good thy life shall bless,
With humor salt and sweet with tenderness.

Look up and see
Skies blithe in their benignity.
Look up, and thou shalt come to share
That benediction with this holy air.

So, inward drawn,
The outward shall be thine: the dawn,
Hesper, the rancorous race of men—
An equal peace shall rest upon them then.

Serene thy light
Shall fade before the coming night,
After the candid joys of day—
Yet leaving what no night can take away.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

White Secrets

Now is the hour when the moon's garden reigns:
White flag-poles, churches, elderberry blooms,
Daisies in pastures, children in sick-rooms,
Stand forth like lanterns as the twilight wanes.
White clouds look down upon earth's weather-vanes
White stones look up from earth's forgotten tombs.
White mists rise sudden from the river flumes,
Hosts of Queen Anne's Lace guard a hundred lanes.

Between white birches and a long white road
The school lifts white its cupola on high.
To one that wanders in this night abroad
It seems the earth is talking with the sky.
White secrets rule the earth. They will not show
Save to the moon, snow calling unto snow.

DANIEL SARGENT.

To a Hummingbird

Less than bird and more than butterfly,
Habitant of an uncharted sky,
Wrought of amethyst and rose and green,
Graciously consenting to be seen;
Less than flame and more than bubble-blown,
Wanderer from some Olympian throne,
Living jewel upborne on colored wing,
One with all the pageantry of spring;
Half a miracle and half a dream,
Rainbow form and iridescent gleam—
Something very like the human soul
Garners honey from a scented bowl.

MARGARET TOD RITTER.

This Bright Siege

Your power
Is in this hour.

In this bright siege
Is the brevet of your prestige.

Therefore wage war
Like an emperor

Who stakes the whole
Domain of his soul

On the one dread chance
Of his final lance.

So may you be master
Even in disaster;

So may you be master
With the last of your breath,

Knowing no fear or pause
Where love is the cause;

Where love is the cry,
Prepared to die;

Certain, though all else crumble and fail,
That love will avail;

That love may nowise retreat—
And death is not defeat!

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

Mountains

Mountains are good to look upon
But do not look too long.
They are made of granite. They will break your heart,
They will break your song.

The thing to look upon is water
Where the currents change.
It is like you: it has a mournful beauty
Wandering and strange.

From the west it rolls a darkness under
And thick stars from the south.
If you hunger, there are stars drowned in deep water
Enough for your mouth.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

Crickets Are Gleaners

Crickets are gleaners, and in rhythm swing
Their little scythes of sound. Oh, emptied heart,
They glean contentment, bearing you a part
Of all the beauty that the clamoring
And burdened hours have garnered. Near and far
I hear the gleaners—one for every star!

JAMES LEWIS HAYS.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Diplomacy

NOT long ago, a gentleman of some literary achievement privately vented his spleen against the theatre somewhat as follows: "The theatre can never be truly art, because you will always have standing between the ideal characters of the author and his public a group of low-grade individuals called actors who can never by any chance (the occasional genius excepted) approach anything like an understanding of the characters they are representing." Aside from the wholly gratuitous assumption that authors are a higher race of men than actors, aside also from the fact that this theory of the stage is false from beginning to end, it has the one value of sharpening our interest in the quite extraordinary work which good actors can do in bringing to life a somewhat dead or out-of-date manuscript.

Sardou's fifty-year-old *Diplomacy*, in the English version by Gerald Du Maurier, is an excellent case in point. It is so "well made" as a play that it has made practically nothing at all of the characters themselves. They merely do whatever is necessary to advance the demands of the plot, and the business of converting them into believable human beings is turned over wholly and completely to the actors. That is one reason why it makes such an excellent vehicle for one of Mr. George Tyler's famous all-star casts. It really does give us an opportunity to study the individual creative power of each of the actors and to measure their genius or shortcomings by the extent to which they create the illusion of real personalities.

While we are on this subject, let me say at least one vigorous word on behalf of the much maligned "well made" play. My literary friend, with his general contempt for the theatre, will probably disagree with me when I say that the author is by no means the sole worthy contributor to theatrical art. The theatre, taken as a whole, is the art of creating illusion. The author, unless he is a genius, can seldom supply more than the skeleton of this illusion. The completion of the magic, six times out of ten, is left to the combined efforts of the actors, the scenic designer and the director. And the extent to which anyone contributing personality will dominate the final mood depends not on any abstract law of the theatre, but on the particular genius of the many persons coöperating. Time after time a thinly written play will come to life entirely as the result of effective pantomime and stage business by two or three competent actors. Again you will see a play like *Broadway*, in which, quite obviously, the painstaking work of the director is chiefly responsible for the brilliancy of the finished performance. To prove how impossible it is to state any abstract principles, in the way my friend tried to do, it is only necessary to read, in published form, a few of the plays which have been notably successful or unsuccessful on the stage. In one instance, a play that fairly sparkled behind the footlights will read like commonplace trash. In another instance, a play that has been dull and boring on the stage will read with rare beauty and poignancy. In a third instance, a play of unusual charm and richness will read interestingly enough, but quite without the glamour which the acted play achieved.

It is on account of this fluctuating contribution of the author that the "well made" play has its very definite and useful place in the theatre. This kind of play simply means that either the actors or the director must take the skeleton of it and

endow it with warmth and life. It was often remarked of Duse (and can be noted over and over again in the work of our best modern actors) that she could create a memorable impression in a rôle in which other actresses merely exposed the thinness of the author's contribution. She could say with her eyes what the author had failed to say. She could indicate by an intuitive bit of stage business motivations which probably never even occurred to the author. So far from obstructing the message of the author to his public, she enhanced and enriched it by the sheer force of her own creative genius.

In the present revival of *Diplomacy*, there are few contributions from the actors which even approach genius. But in only one or two cases has any one of this galaxy of stars obviously given less than the author intended. In all other cases something has been added, until the play, as a whole, and in spite of an unnecessary slowness in pace, comes to life as more than satisfactory entertainment. The most conspicuously poor performance is that of Rollo Peters as Julian. Something quite unfortunate has happened to Mr. Peters's work. He strikes heroic poses, carries on conversations with his eyes fixed dramatically on the first balcony, and in the famous scene where he discovers the missing document, actually speaks of its absence before he has fully opened the strong-box in which it was supposed to lie. There is no excuse for a man of Mr. Peters's intelligence and understanding giving so poor an exhibition. At the opposite end we have Jacob Ben-Ami taking the insignificant part of Michael Orloff and raising it to a point of theatrical perfection. We also have Margaret Anglin scattering the nonsense lines of Lady Fairfax in such a way as to make them seem actually credible and highly diverting. One should never forget that Miss Anglin is an extremely fine comedienne. We also have Georgette Cohan contributing as much character and personality to a maid as most actresses give to a leading rôle. Miss Cecila Loftus does very little with the possibilities of the Marquise and Miss Frances Starr is only slightly more engaging than the very foolish Dora whom Sardou has rather thinly sketched. Miss Helen Gahagan does very much better by the Contesse Zicka—although I think Miss Gahagan's particular mastery is to be found in the two extremes of very simple characters or decidedly tragic heroines. Charles Coburn as the Baron Stein is another who makes the most of a slender opportunity and William Faversham is at least plausible and humorous enough to be interesting. Antony Holles turns the stupid son of Lady Fairfax into a definite if somewhat exaggerated character and thus wins his spurs.

The play itself suffers somewhat from an apparent unwillingness to alter minor details in such a way as to bring its plot interest entirely up to date. The international question at stake is the theft of a document giving the plans of some new British docks at Gibraltar. It would certainly seem that among the numerous intrigues which must now center at Geneva, some secret more intrinsically important could be used to supply the diplomatic melodrama of the play. As it is presented in modern dress, there could surely be no serious objection to giving its diplomatic atmosphere the shadow of one of those clouds which hangs over Europe as we know it since the great war. Otherwise, this "well made" play is worthy of all respect for the real vitality it holds and for the opportunity it offers to the creative imagination of first-class actors.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE LAY PULPIT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—May I compliment you on your editorial article, the Lay Pulpit, of June 6? The Commonweal since its beginning has stood for the amenities of editorial comment as against the old style, and for free discussion, and in doing so has advanced the whole Catholic press of America. You have helped materially to lay the foundation for a press that will be Catholic rather than partisan; that will bring people in the course of time to the realization that in the United States both the state and the Church have a common problem: unity with universality; the problem of uniting all kinds of men, of very different racial origins and interests, upon a basis of principles held in common—not with the object of turning out a uniform type from one mold, but rather of encouraging the fullest development of the individual, with all the good he may derive from his variety of antecedents.

In the course of American and Catholic development there have been groups (and still are) which, for quite natural reasons, have been prone to over-emphasize their own particular group merits. That is an obvious part of our national life and an integral part of American history. When we were somewhat newer than we are today we feared to touch that problem or even to allude to it. Today I think we have got beyond that. We must face the essential facts of our dawning civilization, and when we have the courage and the intellectual integrity to face them, we may hope to see the day when we shall be able to lay at rest forever, here in America, some of the most cherished of our imported rancors: such, for instance, as the relative merits of the "Nordic" and whatever the Nordic's antithesis may be. As conducted at present, it is a controversy futile on both sides, and is un-American and un-Catholic. It is no one-sided thing and in it neither has been one whit less irritating than the other, as is the way of unimportant things. Wherein it becomes serious is in either side cloaking the sterile argument with a religious garb. The fact of racial differences is there and is basic in our civilization. It is our common and most important problem. It has been badly handled ever since it became a problem. Whether one likes it or not, it is an unavowed though very real factor in the present presidential campaign, in which one may see an excellent example of our preference for disguising under the coloring of religious conflict a phenomenon which, except by accident, has nothing to do with religion.

It will be interesting to see whether we shall have the courage and good sense to face the truth, or whether Catholicism is to be made a partisan affair and the leavening efficacy of the universal Church impaired by any sectarian group within it.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

DR. BUCHMAN AND PRINCETON

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editor:—You seem unable to treat of Princeton University with any degree of accuracy. In your issue of May 30, you speak of Dr. Frank Buchman "late of Princeton and New York." Dr. Buchman never had any official connection with the University. He was not "requested to leave Princeton in the interests of academic peace." He was requested not to hold any of his meetings on the Princeton campus—quite a different thing.

EDMUND T. HALSEY.

BOOKS

The American Balkans

Nicaragua and the United States, 1909-1927, by Isaac Joslin Cox. World Peace Foundation Pamphlets.

A CLEVER young pamphleteer once described the Caribbean republics as "the American Balkans." In this troubled geographical area, more than its share of international problems seem to arise. Almost inevitably the debates of the Havana Conference regarding intervention dealt with the distressful affairs of Nicaragua. It is, therefore, especially timely that the most recent of the well-known series of monographs published by the World Peace Foundation should be devoted to this subject. In following the mazes of revolution and counter-revolution that obscure the underlying factors, a somewhat bewildered public opinion will find in Dr. Cox's résumé of the eventful history of our relations with the Isthmian republics a little masterpiece of concise and fair-minded narrative.

Nicaragua and the neighboring republic of Panama are beset by grave responsibilities, owing largely to geographical reasons. Across their territory lie great potential routes of world traffic. As Dr. Cox outlines the situation: "Commercially and in a military sense Nicaragua occupies one of the key points in the western hemisphere. Its position is at once a source of wealth and weakness: of wealth, for in waterways and in the approaches thereto Nicaragua and her neighbors possess an asset that greatly enhances their natural productivity and may conceivably enable them to exact toll of less favored nations; of weakness, for these same waterways have brought upon the people of Central America a series of political and economic problems, which they are not wholly prepared to meet."

What Doctor Cox calls the "political prelude" to the present situation, is to be found in the long struggle carried on by Great Britain and the United States during the last quarter of the nineteenth century concerning the right to exercise a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, the indigenous populations of the unhealthy Nicaraguan lowlands along the Atlantic coast. This contention, one of the most redoubtable challenges ever made to the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, was maintained until 1894 and formed part of the more definite rivalry concerning the right to build a canal across the Central American Isthmus which was settled by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. Relieved of the menace of British imperialism, which for so many years had led her to rely upon the United States for political existence, Nicaragua began to play a characteristic rôle in Central American affairs. Her domestic misfortunes were intimately connected with the long rule of the dictator, Zelaya. While he confined his indiscretions to exploiting his fellow-countrymen, he received but little attention from the United States and Mexico. In 1906, however, he developed imperialistic ambitions and sought to extend his brutal and detested rule over the neighboring republics.

It was in the pursuance of these ambitious plans that Zelaya was led to negotiate the first of the important foreign loans which were to begin the long history of Nicaragua's financial troubles. With a curious lack of foresight, he addressed himself to a group of not unadventurous British capitalists, known as the Ethelburga Syndicate. Although neither Mexico nor the United States government protested at the time, this deliberate revival of British influence in Central America did not pass unnoticed. When, however, the infatuated dictator entered into negotiations with Japan and tried to induce that

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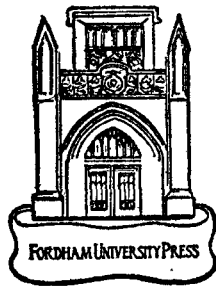
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power to build an inter-oceanic canal across Nicaraguan territory, matters took on a different aspect. As Dr. Cox points out, "the attempt offered alluring prospects of blackmailing both Colombia and the United States, besides making his dreams of a South American dictatorship at once more threatening and more secure."

The overthrow of Zelaya's régime in 1909 was accomplished through a revolution led by General Estrada with the help of the powerful Chamorro family and Adolfo Diaz. Both of these latter "conservative" influences have remained prominent in Nicaraguan politics to the present day.

For the United States, however, broader issues than whether the faction of the "greens" or that of the "reds" should govern are involved. In safeguarding our strategic interests and the safety of our long coastline on the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans the Isthmian republics of Central America play an important, if involuntary, rôle. The United States has an outstanding interest in this part of the world in securing for each of the Central American powers a stabilized government, democratic in form and able to play its part in resisting encroachments from without. The attempts to revive the Central American Federation, which was the form of government originally recognized by Monroe, have received scant justice at the hands of many of the critics of our foreign policy. The disintegration of this potentially powerful state into a congeries of petty republics is a fact equally deplored by many patriotic statesmen throughout South America and our own Department of State. In order to forward some plan of unification, at least two conferences have been held in Washington, the latest in 1922. The agreements reached on both these occasions included a policy to strengthen democratic ideals through a non-recognition of revolutionary coups d'état.

If actual armed intervention has never been admitted in principle by the powers of Central America, it is, nevertheless, the only conceivably effectual measure to end the method of "Bullets versus Ballots" that even Nicaragua's South American neighbors view with protest. Although Dr. Cox leans to a different implication, a careful examination of the last five years of disorder in Nicaragua reveals the fact that the much heralded "aggressions" of the United States have invariably been preceded by appeals for intervention, made by one or another of the contending parties. Thus our military action becomes what Metternich once called "an armed mediation," based upon a desire to bring to an end useless and ineffectual struggle. When, to use the words of Mr. Hughes at Havana, "Nicaraguan sovereignty" is "suspended," the important strategical area involved cannot be left without orderly governmental control. A frank realization of this fact will probably offer a motive to the more patriotic element to refrain from factional strife in other than a constitutional form. The whole tendency of international law is to stress the international duties of nations as well as their rights. Aside from keeping the peace along the great highway of the Americas, we may consider as a contingent and equally defensible motive for non-political intervention the defending of American lives and property—and more generally—foreign interests, of which, under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine, we have become the guardians, perhaps to an extent not wholly desirable.

As a guide and a corrective to hastily formed public opinion, such serious and careful studies in contemporary history as Dr. Cox's are invaluable. Written with an evident sympathy, and even bias, in favor of liberal ideas, this latest of the World Peace Foundation Pamphlets fills an evident need of the time.

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The Mind of an Ambassador

The Training of an American: Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

IT WAS a curious reversal of the ordinary biographical methods which gave us first the last years of Mr. Page's life, with their high lights and crowning achievements, and afterward his earlier and less distinguished record. His labors as American ambassador at the Court of St. James's, the superb service he rendered to his country and his country's cause, the clearness of his vision and the depth of his sympathy, made him one of the controlling factors in the world war. He paid with his life for the strain he put upon himself, and for his refusal to abandon his post. James Stillman, the banker, said in his last illness that he was dying of the war as truly as if he had been a wounded soldier in the hospital. So much might be said of Walter Page. He died of the war, and he died for the ideals he defended in the war, as faithfully as any soldier of the land.

The present volume makes plain to us what manner of man Page was. It reveals his driving force, his high ideals and the rigid narrowness of his outlook. He led an interesting, an adventurous and a very successful life, possessing precisely the qualities which capture fortune. Good books he had in his boyhood; Froissart, Sir Thomas Malory, Jane Austen's novels, and Pope's translation of the Iliad. Good teaching he had in his youth; first at the impoverished but scholarly little college of Randolph-Macon, and afterward at the newly opened Johns Hopkins University, where he enjoyed a fellowship, and the supreme advantage of studying under Basil Lannean Gildersleeve, whom to know was a liberal education. Good traditions were his, inherited from honorable forbears; and always the love of the land which is born of beautiful surroundings.

That he was a brave adventurer is proved by his scampering off to Berlin when he was twenty-two, and his fellowship income was \$500; by his marrying at twenty-five, on a salary of \$15 a week; by his resigning his post on the New York World when Mr. Pulitzer became its proprietor; and by the unhesitating fashion in which he roved from one field to another until, in 1891, he accepted the editorship and executive management of the Forum. Under his adroit treatment this moribund magazine became influential and, in a modest way, prosperous; in recognition of which fact he was offered, in 1896, the editorship of the august but not vulgarly wealthy Atlantic Monthly. Four years later he became a member of the publishing house of Doubleday, Page and Company, and his days of adventuring were over. Anchored firmly in fair and quiet waters, he remained at his post and did good work until President Wilson sent him, in 1913, to succeed Ambassador Reid in England. Europe was even then sick with apprehension. It was one of the first things that Page observed when he landed on British soil.

No access of labor, no crowding pleasures, no failing strength, no weary rush of engagements, could keep Page from writing letters; long letters for the most part, amply suggestive of the leisure which he never had. He brimmed over with ideas, with purposes, with suggestions, with objections and with reforms. He was as cocksure as Macaulay, and as keen in reading the temper of his time. There are two letters of his to Mr. Alphonso Smith on the subject of "self-culture" books that contain the pent-up wisdom of the whole tribe of publishers. He is keen enough to know that such books command a good sale. He is sanguine enough to believe them educational. He

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The book is beautifully printed, and cruelly heavy to hold. It is framed to delight the reader's eye and tax his muscles.

AGNES REPPLIER.

A Heart Distraught

The Closed Garden, by Julian Green; translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

JULIAN GREEN has been called a drab realist, but he positively is not drab, and to my way of thinking he touches reality at very few points. If the terms could mean anything to anyone but myself, I'd substitute "dramatic" for drab and "morbid psychology" for reality. If, for example, a line could be drawn through the centre of *The Closed Garden*, it would be found to pass at some considerable distance from the quotidian reality most of us know in France, America or anywhere else. To begin with, everyone in the book is either ill or crazy. Now I do not consider a clinical study of pathology to be realism—nor yet do I conceive it to be particularly drab. Indeed, as Julian Green presents it, it is highly dramatic and exciting—witness the scene where old Mesurat forces his dying daughter to comply with household routine by taking a hand in the cursed card game. The card game is an edged, dynamic triangle, not a still-life of a bourgeois evening at home. In this and other incidents Mr. Green has found a reality that is swifter, not slower, than the tempo of normal life. Thus his book is a chain of artificial and idealized situations, which, under the manipulation of a remarkable style, gives the author a series of powerfully dramatic episodes climbing to a predestined finale. This may be defined as drab realism by André Maurois or anyone else, but by the same extension of terms I could define Ulysses as a romantic fantasy in one act.

No writer who has Mr. Green's vein of observational poetry

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will ever be wholly drab or too ploddingly realistic. With a sentence he performs marvels of character portrayal or psychologic description. "The avaricious mouth and steady eyes of a woman adding up an account"; "Little pearls of sweat broke out on her scalp and trickled down her forehead"; "the gurgle of water rising in a vase." These and a thousand other observations seem to dwell in the very iris of a poet's eye. They are the high flashes of color, used with the wise plenitude that even so monotonous a painter as Utrillo (to whom Mr. Green has been compared) employs to relieve the melancholy of his canvas.

The writing in *The Closed Garden* transcends, in my opinion, the importance of the work as a human testament. I was affected by the literary anatomizing of Adrienne Mesurat's difficulties—but not by Adrienne Mesurat herself. There is in her character and situation nothing of the deep reality that makes Thérèse Raquin or Emma Bovary so poignant and unforgettable. And I suspect that this is true because of the insanity that crops out so early in the heroine's history. "Oh," we say, watching her plotting for her sister's bedroom, "this woman is mad!" Now mad women make excellent material for clinical scrutiny and literary analysis. But somehow, they do not affect the cortical centres affecting our sympathy, pity or love. As critics, we admire the opportunities for fine writing that the author has created for himself; but as human beings we are not terribly agitated.

American born though he is, Julian Green is more French than the French in the choice and treatment of his material. He writes like a Parnassien of the world outside himself, and surely, in this age of raucous self-revelation, that is a great thing for any young man to do. He has acquired the externality that is the hall-mark of French master novelists, and while it would be difficult to prove any particular influence, it cannot be denied that he is riding on the main stream of classic French prose. And I think it is a high commentary on Henry Longan Stuart's translation to find that no appreciable fragment of the original excellence of this typically French work has been lost.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Monk and Magician

The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon, by Robert Belle Burke. \$10.00; *The Cipher of Roger Bacon*, by William Romaine Newbold and Roland Grubb Kent. \$4.00. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania.

FRIAR ROGER BACON was termed "Doctor Admirabilis" long years ago, but the full extent of his admirableness is only now being realized. In 1914 a commission of British scholars arranged appropriate centenary festivities, promised to assure the publication of new editions of the more important treatises, and watched over the beautiful statue which now graces the Oxford University Museum. Since that time the interest taken in the "first of scientists" by American students has been continuous and profitable. No one has as yet supplanted the French biography by Charles, which is excellent as far as it goes, but a number of first-rate monographs by university men in this country have dealt illuminatingly with specific problems. The latest contribution is Professor Burke's translation of the *Opus Majus*, a version based on Bridges's Latin text and patiently faithful to the original. The reader who places the two side by side will soon discover how lucidly and reverently the work has been done.

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does the *Opus Majus*. It is, of course, assumed that reason is illuminated by faith and guided by a firm moral purpose. The treatise therefore spreads out, with incomparable mediaeval prodigality, the whole riches of human learning and aspiration. It is an encyclopaedia of criteriology, education, mathematics, science and morals. Many a page has a curious fascination for the modern reader. To see for the first time that Bacon, a thinker who lived long before Columbus, grasped the sphericity of the earth is an unforgettable literary experience. No less interesting is the discussion of philology and the essay in comparative religion. The keenness of the dialectic is remarkable, the sincerity of the basic moral purpose is obvious and inspiring.

One feels that among the reasons why Friar Bacon suffered so much opposition during the course of his life as a monk, the following two must have been important: his eagerness to carry the rationalization of philosophy farther than his order, which had reasons of its own for not wishing to walk down the same road taken by the Dominicans and their great Saint Thomas, cared to proceed; and his fearless, almost pitiless critique of educational method. He was as far in advance of his epoch educationally as he had outstripped it in the study of nature. In some respects the modern age itself has not yet caught his stride. For he was a scientist to whom a lofty metaphysic was second nature—a man who walked steadily through learning toward God.

How little we know regarding him! Scholar after scholar has confessed that here is a biographical riddle beyond compare, no solution of which may ever be found. The dimensions of the problem are revealed once again in the sturdy volume which outlines the struggle of Dr. William Romaine Newbold with the so-called Voynich manuscript. The history of this document is fairly well known. Mr. Voynich, a tireless collector, came across a curiously written and illustrated treatise which he believed, for a number of reasons, to be the work of Roger Bacon. The University of Pennsylvania took an interest in the matter, and Dr. Newbold discerned in it a means to an end. He knew a great deal about cipher and yearned to learn more. This manuscript was obviously in cipher, of a rare and tantalizing kind.

It is impossible to feel that the conclusions which he had reached at the time of his death are very much more than guesses. They are set forth sympathetically by Professor Kent, whose wisdom in such matters is notable. Whether the Newbold readings are acceptable is a question impossible to answer. Even so, the book is extraordinarily interesting for the light it throws upon mediaeval procedure, and for the testimony it gives to the industry and devotion of an American student. Perhaps the most significant question it raises is the possibility that Bacon possessed a microscope; for if Newbold's analysis of the manuscript is correct, the individual characters are really compends or "nests" of minute, shorthand symbols which can be read (and could, therefore, have been written) only with the aid of a relatively powerful refracting lens. There are other curious matters galore, not the least among which are the quite occult drawings reprinted from Mr. Voynich's strange find.

The University of Pennsylvania is to be congratulated for having published, in a form worthy of the matter, two Roger Bacon "items" which more than a few persons ought to find interesting. Few mediaeval books are more instructive and engrossing than the *Opus Majus*. One hopes that Dr. Burke's edition will assist, incidentally, in promoting the revival of interest in Franciscan thought now becoming so general.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.



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Letters from Joseph Conrad—1895-1924; edited with introduction and notes, by Edward Garnett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

TWO books during the past months have enriched our knowledge of Conrad: M. Jean-Aubry's *The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad* and, more recently, Mr. Edward Garnett's edition of those letters written to himself between 1895-1924, and dealing almost entirely with the problems and struggles of authorship. Happily neither work encroaches upon the other. Rather they are complementary, the first giving a greater number and wider range of letters together with necessary biography, the second concentrating on the most important years of Conrad's life and revealing intimately those years through his own confidences to Garnett.

This second book is fascinating to those who would understand Conrad's manner of work, who would gather here and there from chance comments his ideals of literary art, and who would more fully appreciate his early battles against poverty and lack of recognition. These battles were continuous from 1895, when *Almayer's Folly* was first praised by Garnett, then reading in the London firm of T. Fisher Unwin, until the early years of the new century, when *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Youth*, and *Heart of Darkness* having made successful debuts, things were looking up for their author. In reading these earlier letters, which comprise one-half the volume, one recalls the saying of Seneca, repeated by Lord Bacon, that the good and admirable things of life belong to adversity rather than to prosperity. Surely good and admirable things crowd these pages written while Conrad was ill from debt and discouragement as well as from his ancient enemy, gout. Interesting and satisfying as are the later records of prosperity, they do not compare with the more eager and intimate confidences.

Mr. Garnett says that Conrad "worked by intuition after a preliminary meditation," and was not in any sense, as some have claimed, governed by theories or convictions as to the art of fiction which he had threshed out for himself "through years of concentrated, lonely thoughts at sea." Conrad's letters to Garnett surely corroborate his friend's assertion. Ideals of art he expresses, as in an 1897 letter which deals with the preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, when he refers to his passage, "in art alone there is a meaning in endeavor as apart from success"; but there are no theories and convictions. "Theory is a cold and lying tombstone of departed truth," he says, and again, "Switch off the critical current of your mind and work in darkness—the creative darkness which no ghost of responsibility will haunt." Indeed, Conrad, was too often in abjection and despair over his writing to cherish theories or to harbor many convictions. "I had to work," he writes, "like a coal-miner in his pit quarrying all my English sentences out of a black night." And again he says, "I am—so afraid of my hollowness—so weary—deadly weary of writing!" But when the picture is brighter, when at last he is really writing, he speaks of sentences, thoughts and images coming to one who has long been busily waiting for them. "I am old and sick and in debt—but lately I've found I can still write—it comes! It comes!—and I am young and healthy and rich!"

Throughout three-fourths of the book as a kind of unifying thread are the intermittent letters from 1897 until 1918 which deal with the thwarted and painful composition of "that damned and muddy romance," *The Rescue*. For twenty years the battle dragged on. "I hate the thing with such great hatred that I don't want to look at it again," writes Conrad

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on March 21, 1898, and twenty-one years later on March 12, 1919, shortly after the publication of the book, he asks Garnett to annotate a copy of the first edition.

And though the letters evoke generous sympathy, one can but be grateful for struggles which afford such a glimpse into the secret and sacred, not to say profane, places of authorship as does the following taken from a letter of 1898:

"I ask myself sometimes whether I am bewitched, whether I am the victim of an evil eye? I assure you—speaking soberly and on my word of honor—that sometimes it takes all my resolution and power of self-control to refrain from butting my head against the wall. I want to howl and foam at the mouth but I daren't do it for fear of waking that baby and alarming my wife. It's no joking matter. After such crises of despair I doze for hours still half-conscious that there is that story I am unable to write. Then I wake up, try again—and at last go to bed completely done up. So the days pass and nothing is done. At night I sleep. In the morning I get up with the horror of that powerlessness I must face through a day of vain efforts."

Subjective though most of the letters are, they give us pleasant glimpses of the distinguished Garnett family: Edward in his fine rôle of critic, friend and author; Constance in her superb translations of Turgenev and of Chekhov; and young David Garnett, whose *Lady into Fox* has so intrigued many of us with the charm strongly felt by Conrad himself.

The collection is full of riches. One reads letters over and over, treasuring a phrase—"the pellucid, flaming atmosphere of Turgenev's life"; an aphorism—"This world is a prey to minor virtues"; an enthusiasm. Edward Garnett must be reveling in the consciousness of work well and completely done.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Harp Celestial

Francis Thompson, the Poet of Earth in Heaven, by R. L. Megroz. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. \$3.50.

NOT since the source book written by Mr. Everard Meynell has so ambitious a study of Francis Thompson been attempted. The sub-title, *A Study of Poetic Mysticism and the Evaluation of Love Poetry*, warns us what to expect. This is not the book for a lazy hour: lucidity is not Mr. Megroz's major virtue as a writer and there is an amount of perhaps unnecessary erudition. The first four chapters are so interesting, however, that we forget our disappointment in the style. But as we read on into chapters five, six, seven, eight and nine, a continuation of parallels and differences with other poets; into *Nature Poetry* in chapter ten, and then *Poetry and Childhood*, we have begun to get somewhat dizzy before we come to the dissertation on *Bedouin and Spanish Romance*, topped off with a chapter on the *Spiritualizing of Love*, and a very complete appendix.

The book is not easy reading, but there is gold in it for the seeker: passages of beauty, flashes of insight and inspiration, acute and sympathetic criticism, and—is it a stroke of genius?—from out this maze of the metaphysical and the mystical, of affinities and contrast, there emerges a figure and a personality very nearly the most real and understandable that either critic or biographer of Thompson has yet given us.

In Mr. Megroz's book will be found hitherto unpublished portraits of the Meynell girls as they were when the *Sister Songs* were written and a collotype reproduction of a page of the *Mistress of Vision*.

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An Orator of Old Spain*The Ciceronian Style in Fray Luis de Granada, by Rebecca Switzer. New York: Instituto de las Españas. \$1.90.***T**HE Instituto de las Españas has done students of older cultures a favor in producing this work of Rebecca Switzer on Fray Luis de Granada (1504-1588) the glory of the Dominican pulpit of Spain and Portugal.

Fray Luis de Granada has to this day retained an intense influence upon pietistic feeling, not only in his own language but in the numerous translations as well. So many of the French and German pietists have taken their tone from his writings that it is well we should have a clearer conception of his methods: the fashion of his imitation of Cicero: his adoption of his native language, smoothed and ornate with the trophies of the Latin master: his insistence, after all, upon the importance of the matter overbearing aesthetic qualities.

Italian culture had indeed permeated the Spanish world but its sensual beauty found Iberian character too hard a ground for merely beautiful flowering. The soul of Spain made angels of the nymphs and cherubs of the putti that satisfied Italian humanism. Philip II speaks of the great beauty of Fray Luis's oration which he heard in Portugal, exquisitely enunciated by a preacher quite without teeth.

Miss Rebecca Switzer has arranged the masters of Ciceronian and Quintilian glories in their proper relation to Fray Luis: she gives a graphic picture of the humanistic world which, alas for our modern pretensions to culture, has practically vanished from earth. Her book, moreover, presents considerable well-selected information not only on the humanistic movement but upon conditions in the Spanish world during its renaissance—its age of gold—which should cause some reconsideration throughout Spain and South America of the earlier models of Hispanic literature through which their literature really once asserted itself in the world of thought.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Static in Belief*Christianity, Past and Present, by Charles Guignebert. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.***G**UIGNEBERT views Christianity as a purely natural phenomenon. Like every other religion, he says, Christianity borrowed its primary elements from the social milieu in which it established itself. By undergoing more or less thorough transformation of its organs, it adapted itself to the demands of the diverse and successive spheres to which it was afterward transplanted. Until Trent, the Catholic Church—as Christianity in the West came to be called—from time to time eliminated its wornout and dead particles, and assimilated others derived from its surroundings. But with Trent, and particularly with the definition of papal infallibility, the power of adaptation, and hence of living, stopped. "Its hearth is still red but there is no more fuel, and the fire is slowly expiring, the chill of death upon it."

Of course we recognize a natural as well as a supernatural element in the Church, and much that Guignebert says in tracing the natural element is true. But he also says a great deal more that no devout Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, can accept. We must consider his underlying position as fundamentally false, unhistorical and unscientific.

There is no bibliography or index.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Briefer Mention

What Is Heresy? by G. M. Vizenzinovick. John Murphy Company.

THE author, who is a fervent convert, has searched the Scriptures in order to find every possible text that has any bearing upon the sin of heresy. For those who are trying to make converts the book will have considerable interest and value. It is recommended, however, that they should not place it in the hands of the inquirer but rather use it for their own information. There are several reasons why this would be prudent. The book is singularly unattractive in appearance and contrasts unfavorably with those alluring booklets published by Anglican controversialists. Its arguments from the Bible will not appeal to those who either know little about the Bible or who do not believe that it is inspired in all its parts. The chief objection to the book is its polemic spirit. Few non-Catholics are formal heretics. By some the name would be regarded as a compliment, by others, perhaps, as being offensive; by very few would the designation "heretic" be understood as referring to someone who is actually in danger of eternal condemnation.

Four Plays by Serafin and Joaquin A. Quintero; translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

THE Quintero brothers have long enjoyed popular favor in their native land for a series of collaborations that display the lighter qualities of the Spanish social world of today. Delicate, charming bits that reveal the actual life of the home and patio, the streets and the squares of Andalusia, the birthplace of these authors, sparkling dialogue and gentle satire, make up the bulk of their work. Mr. and Mrs. Granville-Barker have given a very sympathetic and intelligent record in English of the rather illusive moods of Spanish sentiment and family convivances. Their rendering of *The Women Have Their Way* proves a very readable version. *A Hundred Years Old* is a sentimental comedy already known to American readers in Thomas Walsh's version called *Papa Juan*, published in the Poet Lore series in Boston for 1918. *Fortunato* is a tragic farce, and *The Lady From Alfaceque* proves a charming comedy in two acts.

Through the Lane of Stars, by Sister M. Eleanore. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.00.

THE very young reader is not nearly hard enough to please. Anything that looks like a story will send his eye skimming over type. This variety of omnivorousness is, of course, only one of many which grow out of zest in life. It must be controlled by wise (or perhaps it would be better to say less exuberant) elders. To these a word of advice may now be spoken: if your boys and girls are neither too old nor too young, give them a copy of Sister Eleanore's *Through the Lane of Stars*. The title is relatively ambitious, but the stories—each one of which deals with the life of a saint—are merely charming, fascinating and educative. Their author is one of the best among Catholic writers of juvenile literature. She herself is gradually beginning to realize this fact, and I hope that breaking the news to her will accelerate the coming of light. The present book deserves great popularity. It may be added that the gentleman to whom it is dedicated prefers it to all the rest of a library.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Like Young Lochinvar, although in his later years, Britannicus had just "come out of the West," and the effete Easterners of the Library gathered around him, avid for the latest hint from Chicago and the wheat-waving worlds beyond. Britannicus began with the usual peroration:

"It is certainly a great country, my friends, and as the wheels of our train ground and ground their westward tracks, the indomitable spirit of the explorers, pioneers and settlers came over me in sensing their conquest and its terrific import upon our virgin continent."

"How were the trains?" asked Amanuensa, meekly.

"Very expensive, and very comfortable. The crowd going West seemed to me rather cruder than the crowds coming East. We started out in a large group, most of our companions garbed in grey, with square-toed shoes, silvery toned socks and jeweled fraternity pins. Quite a number of watch-chains exhibited the religious emblem of the rabbit's foot and the reading matter seemed to be of the best-selling variety. Heavy black cigars and ceaseless potations of ginger ale passed the hours of enforced leisure: nobody looked at the scenery or found it necessary to ask what cities or towns we were passing through. The loveliest rivers met us with a smile that was left unanswered by our hardy voyageurs. It seemed that even if you were not used to the journey you were expected not to show it—just as country people visiting the city are warned against looking into shop windows. The Pullman porters seem to have suffered reverses; no more the haughty servitors grabbed and brushed you militantly; they seemed to desire to shrink into an industrial invisibility which was not without its charm.

"We loitered at certain hours and careered wildly at other times, so that we might arrive exactly on the minute and not a second too soon. Our trains must have been phantasmagorical, but none of the patient villagers, plowmen or townsfolk showed even the slightest interest in our passing; nobody came down, as in older years, to see the crowd come in; an indifference almost offensive marked our descent into their midst.

"This obliviousness, whether studied or sincere, also characterized our arrival in the hotels; splendid places, every room in the thousand with baths and showers; the cabarets jazzed to the acrobatic wiggling of young orchestra leaders named Lloyd, Percy and Claridge. Dancers wheeled away the night, just as before Waterloo; prize-fighters boxed and trained on the fortieth story roof-gardens; and day and night the twenty elevators whisked the night-hawks from turret to basement without the slightest sign of qualm or amazement.

"On the western streets I saw few signs of the extremes of elegance or abasement that we witness in New York. There were all kinds and classes represented, of course, but everybody seemed to bear witness that the night before had been quite enough for them and that now it was work-a-day. In Chicago, we trembled in memory of the warnings given us on our leave-taking at home. From our hotel in the Loop we could hear various reports all through the night indicating defective aim in the weapons or the cylinders of the town. On the streets green and red lights flickered fitfully, but few pedestrians or motorists seemed to bother very much about them.

"In the shop windows were the same splendors of our home town, with the additional charge of some ten to twenty-five cents on everything. Red, the fashionable color of the season, seemed to have caught on everything more avidly than in the East. And the girls—lovely in their fresh beauty, with evidence of

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better nerves and bodies—were everywhere, from waitresses in cafeterias, dressed like princesses on the plage of Deauville, to the fascinating club women and ladies of educational circles. There were no persons of leisure, of either sex, visible anywhere beyond Buffalo.

"Did you really like all this, my dear Britannicus? You with your European education and preconceptions?" asked Angelicus.

"Honestly, Angelicus, I am tied to the docks where the vessels from Europe deposit their cargoes of luxuries and notions. But I have seen lovely regions and lovely quarters in the western cities where I could linger on with pleasure. Comfort, practical arrangements—mind, I am not speaking of traffic conveniences—and the general air of youth, health and good-will are attractive. The Westerners seem really to love one another; mutual helpfulness seems to be a stronger quality; there is less need of personal defensiveness there than among us, with our newer immigrations. Still, I noted a marked nomadic inclination everywhere; people were always planning to move to some other state or city; the very houses showed this restlessness in light-going furniture, and small ornaments and pictures that might be whisked at a moment's notice to some other habitat. In Chicago, I could not find the real dyed-in-the-wool Chicagoans. It seems one vast and wonderful union station. Nobody seemed to have come to stay."

"And this from a denizen of New York!" broke in Angelicus, impatiently. "I can well remember one charming restful evening I spent in a great Loop hotel. Sitting opposite an old Chicago resident, I remarked upon the pastoral calm that seemed a bit sudden after some hectic days and nights in higher political circles. 'This stillness and peace are refreshing,' I remarked to him, between pipe puffs. But he answered me solemnly. 'No, Angelicus, this is the time for prayer: for since the introduction of so many Maxim silencers, we Chicagoans know that the real crises have come. Never mind the barking dog!'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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